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HITHERTO UNTOLD

By

Galusha Anderson, S.T.D., LL.D.

Professor in University of Chicago

Joint Translator of the Sermons of Asterius

Author of The Story of a Border City During the Civil War

“The Lamp of Experience”

—Patrick Henry



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To her, who, for forty-eight years, has been my wise counsellor and unfailing inspiration, this book is affectionately dedicated.

FOREWORD.

Many in our time are insisting on the incomparable value of experience. In this they are sustained by the Bible, which is largely a record of what men have seen and felt. But the religious experiences, which make up so large a part of both the Old and the New Testament, have been supplemented with like experiences down through all the centuries to the present day. Some of these experiences I have endeavored to portray in this book. I observed them all. Many of them are largely my own. It is my earnest desire by these experiences to stimulate and strengthen those who are engaged in the great work of saving men.

I have also given a few personal reminiscences pertaining to some of our distinguished countrymen of the preceding generation, hoping thus to aid in justly presenting their characters to those of the present day. I have also brought to light one interesting fact of the Civil War, which throws an important sidelight on the Virginia campaigns of Grant and Lee.

Some chapters of this book have appeared in *The Standard* of Chicago. Recently I have revised these and added others.

Nobody has aided me in this work and I have nobody to thank but the good Lord, whose wonderful grace I have tried to magnify in these pages.

CHAPTER I.

THE SILVER CASTER.

IN St. Louis, many years ago, early one Sunday morning, two boys met, seemingly by chance, on a street by the side of which was a lumber-yard. At the end of a stack of boards, piled loosely for drying, at the same moment, they saw a silver caster. One of them was a newsboy, the other a student in Washington University. The latter, a noble, generous soul, insisted that the newsboy should take the caster which had probably been dropped by some frightened burglar. But the boy resolutely refused it, lest, it being found in his possession, he might be taken for a thief.

This contention had already interested the student in his chance acquaintance, who had under his arm a bundle of papers, and had just been crying, "Sunday Morning Republican! Sunday Morning Republican!" So he said to him: "Boy, why do you sell papers on Sunday? Is it right?" The boy replied: "I have to. My mother is very poor and sick, and I earn all the money we have; and we can't get along without what I earn on Sunday." The heart of the student swelled up into his throat. He was himself poor, and struggling against great odds to get an education. There were fifty cents in his pocket,—all the money that he had in the world. "How much," said he, "will you take for those papers?" "Fifty cents," said the boy.

"Here it is," said the student, "hand me the papers. Now, where is your sick mother?" The boy replied, "Down on Third street, three doors north of Pine, in a cellar." "I will call and see her after breakfast," said the student.

An hour and a half later he had sought her out. She was in that part of the city which was given up to wholesale trade, in a dark, damp cellar. She lay on a tick of straw, with a few wretched rags for a covering. Her hair was a mass of tangles, her face pale and sunken, her eyes wild and staring, her fingers thin and bony; she was in the last stages of consumption. She was a widow, and her boy was her only solace and support. Her heart was full of malignity and bitterness. The problem which has troubled men in all ages confronted her. If God, who made us, is good, why does he so often permit us to suffer excruciatingly? In her distress she raved: "God is not good; he's a tyrant; I hate him; he sends all this suffering on me."

The timid student had never seen anything like this before. For a few minutes he was dumb with amazement. At last the Master, whom he served, helped him to say: "God is good, and he will help and bless you if you will only trust in him." He then read to her the Scriptures, and falling on his knees prayed God to have mercy and save her for Jesus' sake. Still her heart was not softened. The student turned away from what seemed to him a fruitless mission. He came direct to church. The morning service had just closed.

Finding his way to the pulpit, he besought me to visit that poor, dying woman, for whose salvation he had been laboring and praying.

In the afternoon I made my way to that dark cellar. I told the hopeless woman of the love of God in Jesus

Christ, but apparently without any good effect. The very thought of God seemed to awaken all the vindictiveness of her depraved nature. However, her condition now being known, Christian women ministered to her necessities; and these gentle attentions in some measure calmed her agitated spirit, and awoke in some degree gratitude to her earthly benefactors.

But let us now ask, who was this student concerning whom we have spoken? Whence came he? He had lived till a few months before near the Hudson river, in Eastern New York. His mother was dead. His father had married again. Many stepmothers are the salt of the earth, but this one did not belong to that class. She made the life of her stepson miserable, and he fled from his home. He had only one well-defined plan, and that it was to get away from his stepmother. With little money and much persistence he worked his way westward, till at last he reached St. Louis. Destitute of both friends and money, he sought for work, and found it at the levee, where he was employed to paint steamboats. By his side there worked a man of small intellectual ability, who stammered so badly that it was difficult to understand him; but he was a Christian. That stammering tongue asked the young stranger to go to prayer-meeting. Having nothing to do when his day's work was over, that he might while away an evening hour the invitation was accepted. The meeting was earnest and spiritual. The young man was deeply impressed. When the congregation had been dismissed and he had stepped out of the room, he turned back for a moment, and through the partially closed door saw that the worshipers, apparently loth to quit the place, had broken up into groups, and were cheerfully conversing. Then the thought was fixed in his mind, "They have joys to which I am a stranger."

He now felt deeply his need of salvation, and came to me for counsel. He was very ignorant of the gospel, but thoroughly in earnest. Soon a manifest change was wrought in him, but he had no apprehension that his new life had begun. I hesitated to tell him what I thought, wishing him to find it out for himself. For a time he was in poor health; so I took him to my own home and for a few days cared for him. During a morning walk I repeated to him the words: "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." "Why," he said, "that is just as I feel." "Do you know," I asked, "that those words are in the Bible?" He replied that he did not. "Well," said I, "when you get back to the house, take the concordance and look them up." He did so, and before night he came to me and said: "I think that I am converted, and I wish to make a profession of my faith in baptism." He afterwards told the story of his experience to the church, and I baptized him.

Now there arose in this renewed soul a very intense desire for an education. Accustomed to shift for himself, he set out to find a way in which a poor lad might prepare for college. He heard that certain gentlemen in the city owned scholarships, which, at their discretion, they could grant to young men, and that the tuition of those receiving them would thereby be provided for in any department of Washington University. He applied for one of these scholarships, and pressed his suit with such earnestness, saying, as he pleaded for it, "*I must have an education,*" that it was granted to him, although the gentleman who conferred it was not favorably impressed with his intellectual ability. There was probably no happier lad than he on the continent that day.

He now began his studies, and, while he had at the best only ordinary ability, made fair progress. He had determined to fit himself for the ministry and his high resolve awoke his dormant powers. While pursuing his studies he earned by manual labor his board and clothing. He was so self-reliant that no one knew of his extreme toil and privation. During a large part of each night, he blacked boots in the Lindell Hotel. It was at this period of his career that he met the newsboy and bought his papers, giving for them every cent he had that he might keep him, for at least one Sunday, from further Sabbath-breaking.

But what became of the poor woman in the cellar, the newsboy's mother, who was so full of bitterness against God? This young student visited her often. He led others to do the same. The love of God at last melted that hard heart. The dying woman repented; she believed; the peace of God filled her soul; she was saved. Those lips which had so bitterly cursed God, now blessed him. She died in blissful hope of eternal life.

But the student meanwhile was sadly overworked and underfed. Still he was always so hopeful and cheerful that no one knew it, till it was too late. John Livingston, that was his name, was sick. He was tenderly taken to a palatial home. Everything that Christian love could devise was done for his comfort and recovery. But the burning fever could not be quenched. Death was near, and the noble boy knew it. His plans for study, and for usefulness in the Christian ministry, were broken up. "Man proposes, God disposes." He had not, however, lived in vain. One poor, desolate soul had been saved through his preaching and prayers, and was waiting, over on the other side, to

receive him into the "everlasting habitations." He was resigned to the divine will. Just before he departed he said to a Christian brother, "O how glad I am that I got Jesus before I got here!" He by faith had laid hold on Jesus, and Jesus in wonderful love had laid hold on him. So, he in Christ and Christ in him, he passed triumphantly up into the eternal glory.

How manifestly God's providence is over not only the great, but also the humblest of the earth. How plainly God's hand is seen at every turn of our unpretentious story. The real things of life, if we will but mark God's presence in them, are vastly more fascinating and instructive than the mightiest creations of the imagination. Time is a loom; men are but the threads through which the shuttle of the eternal purposes flies backward and forward, and God is the weaver. What fabrics of beauty are wrought out by divine wisdom!

P. S.—A friend to whom I read the above, asked what became of the caster and the newsboy? The caster was found in Livingston's room after his death, evidently having been kept as a memento of the meeting at the pile of lumber; and the newsboy became a member of the Sunday-school. Beyond this nothing is known by me.

CHAPTER II.

SHEEP IN OTHER FOLDS.

IN 1863, I lived in St. Louis, on Olive Street. My house, with two others, was built in a hollow of that rolling ground on which the city stands. The land to the north and south of my dwelling was then unoccupied. From my study window I looked northward up that verdureless valley, through which deep ditches had been cut by the swift and transient streams, which were at times created by copious showers. At the upper end of it stood a large, repulsive soap-factory, which now and then sent on the wings of the north wind its fetid odors to torment us. A little to the west and north of that malodorous landmark was a thickly-settled district in which my church was carrying on a vigorous, prosperous mission. A plain chapel had been built, a Sunday-school gathered, prayer and preaching services instituted, and a few souls had been gathered into the kingdom.

In all that gracious work I had a constant and enthusiastic interest. But the duties of my pastorate were numerous, my inexperience was marked, my anxieties were unduly and foolishly great, the vexations and responsibilities born of the war incessantly multiplied, the weather was often hot and oppressive, and in spite of all my power of will, fits of the blues would occasionally seize me. At such times everything was going to everlasting smash, and there was no mistake

about it. Then came to mind the words: "If the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do?" But the words immediately following these were forgotten: "The Lord is in his holy temple, the Lord's throne is in heaven."

The malady was desperate. Something must be done speedily to cure it. Peering out of my study window towards the mission field, I firmly resolved that, if that painful depression of spirit ever again overtook me and I began to lose heart and hope, I would go straight up that desolate valley, on beyond that reeking soap-factory to the mission district, and there I would begin at the first residence to which I might come, and visit from house to house, preaching the gospel to all whom I might meet. One morning the blues came, I knew not how or why, but the remedy resolved on was resolutely applied, and worked a perfect cure. Before my first visit was over, my heart overflowed with peace and joy. O, brother in the ministry, if you ever have the "doleful dumps," go at once to the homes of the poor, the sick, the wretched, make one honest attempt to save and comfort the erring and sorrowing, and in less time than it takes to write it, the Lord will fill your soul with gladness. It is a remedy worth trying. Sure cure warranted!

In these visits not only the raven of sadness flew out of my heart, and the dove of peace flew in, but also a hundred invaluable lessons were taught me. Among other things I learned that the kingdom of God on earth was much larger than I had supposed it to be.

One day I knocked at the door of a plain, two-story brick house. A nun, in a gray habit, with a string of keys dangling from her belt, opened it, and with gentle grace of manner bade me come in. At once I told

her what I was doing, and begged her to pardon me for intruding into her home. She replied that it was no intrusion, and assured me that she was glad to meet one engaged in such work. She requested me with such evident heartiness to sit down, that it would have been a discourtesy had I refused. Without effort, we fell into a conversation concerning Christian experience. Her manifest knowledge of the subject led me at last to ask her, as delicately as I was able, if at any time she had experienced a change of heart, and had consciously begun a new spiritual life? "Certainly," she replied. "Will you be so kind," said I, "as to give me an account of your experience?" She at once complied, and told me how, a few years before, she had been convicted of sin, sought Christ as her Saviour, and found peace, hope and joy in believing in him. Knowing that the Roman Catholic Church taught that men could merit salvation by good works, I asked her if she relied on her own works for salvation, and, without a moment's hesitation, she answered that she did not, but alone on Christ. Her experience was so radical and clear, that, if she had told it to any evangelical church in Christendom, she would have been received for church membership without a dissenting vote.

But, having such an experience, why was she content to remain in the Roman Catholic Church? I did not ask her, but to me the reason was plain. She had been brought up in that communion, and since her heart had been renewed by the Spirit she had devoted herself to the care of the poor. Her spiritual life constantly poured itself out in deeds of charity. Busy in her Master's work, she had never stopped to question the unscriptural dogmas of Rome. She was free in Christ,

and did not feel the trammels of her church. She was saved by grace, and was quite unconscious that her ecclesiastical relations were inconsistent with her Christian experience.

At her own request we knelt in prayer, and then I went on my way. From that hour I had a broader charity.

Years afterwards a Roman Catholic lady in Brooklyn attended for many weeks the Sunday evening services of my church, because, as she told me, she found spiritual help in the truth which was there preached. She had the oversight of a hospital, and when any patient wished to see a Protestant minister she sent for me. When permitted to converse with her, I found her conversation concerning the Christian life intelligent and heart-felt. She was evidently one of the Lord's own.

His children are in all churches, Protestant and Roman Catholic, and often in no church. Their creeds may be false, but they are better than their creeds, and their lives are Christ-like. Heterodox it may be in the head, but orthodox in heart and in good works. They bring to mind the liberal and gracious words of Jesus: "And other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also must I bring, and they shall hear my voice; and they shall become one flock, one Shepherd."

CHAPTER III.

INHERITED APPETITE.

IN an Eastern city, I once baptized on profession of his faith, a young man about sixteen years of age. After his baptism, just before the administration of the Lord's Supper, he asked, "Can I be excused from partaking of the wine at the Supper?" Explaining his unusual request, he told me that he had a craving appetite for strong drink, and feared that a taste of the wine might lead him into dissipation. In astonishment I asked: "Have you ever been in the habit of drinking?" "Oh, no," he replied, "I never tasted any kind of intoxicating liquor in my life." "And yet you say," said I, "that you have an almost overmastering desire for it? How can this be?" He replied: "It must be inherited. I deeply regret to tell you that my father is a hard drinker." With this sad fact before me, what answer should I have made to his request in reference to the Lord's Supper? I did say to him: "If you believe that partaking of the wine will arouse your appetite for strong drink, do not taste it, but partake only of the bread." To this he gladly consented.

Besides himself, the family to which he belonged consisted of mother, sister and father. The mother was a quiet, but decided Christian. Over her son she had incessantly watched with an anxious spirit. For his preservation from the habit of drink, she had constant-

ly and importunately prayed. Her face was unusually sad, since a crushing burden ever lay upon her heart. But when her son was converted to Christ her countenance was lighted up with a new hope. The little sister, modest, timid, shrinking, was an ever-present comfort to the sorrowing mother. But the father—this was the skeleton in the closet—was a drunkard. He was, however, one of those respectable drunkards. He was engaged in boating on Long Island Sound and the Hudson River. He had ability and prospered in his pursuit. For a time he was in command of some craft, and was known as Captain ——. He dressed well. He often donned a suit of broadcloth and a shiny silk hat. He seemed always to try to be presentable. He evidently had manly instincts. But his appetite for strong drink tyrannized over him. His will seemed powerless before the insatiable demon within. He drank constantly, but always strove to be in dress and manner a gentleman. He never fell insensible in the ditch; if he drank to oblivion it was in the secret place of his own chamber. His life became one prolonged, genteel debauch—if that is not a contradiction of terms—which apparently would end only with his death. His inebrity became an awful disease. Alcohol ran in his blood, and saturated his brain. If his brain had been laid open, and a match applied, it would have burned with a blue flame. For many years that genteel, wretched life ran on. During those years he became a father, and by the subtle, inexorable law of heredity, his monstrous, clamant appetite for intoxicating liquor was transmitted to his son. What a heritage of woe!

Now notice the innate appetite of the son. Soon after uniting with the church, he visited a sick friend.

On a small table at the head of the bed stood a bottle of sherry wine. The attending physician had prescribed it as a tonic. The smell of the wine aroused his inherited appetite. The consequent excitement threw his whole bodily frame into a tremor. It required all the will-power that he could put forth to keep himself from clutching the bottle, and drinking its contents. He undertook to move away from the bed toward the door, but his feet refused to obey his will. He laid hold of the bedstead with his hands and pulled himself slowly away from his fascinating foe on the table. At last he grasped the door-knob, said his adieu to his sick friend, opened the door, and with a strong effort stepped out of the room. But he was not yet free. He now felt an almost uncontrollable impulse to go to some drug-store or saloon and drink. He lifted his heart to God in prayer and received strength to go directly to his room in his own house. The dreadful spell, however, was still upon him. He opened his Bible and read, he knew not how long, and then dropping on his knees he prayed earnestly. At last in answer to his prayer deliverance came; the craving for strong drink for a time passed away. Still this awful desire for intoxicating drink ever and anon sprang up within him, and whenever it returned the dread battle had to be fought over again. This young Christian soldier, however, never yielded. His case was indeed a notable one. He had never tasted intoxicating liquor, and yet was doomed to struggle against an imperious appetite for it, an appetite which he had inherited from his father.

The father at last died. The son refused to marry lest he might transmit the dreadful heirloom from which he had so acutely suffered to some unfortunate

child. He found a place in the country where no intoxicating liquor was sold. There he bought a small farm on which he lived with his mother and sister, that he might be removed from the numerous temptations to drink which beset men in a great city.

This pastoral experience made prominent in my own mind an argument against intemperance which has not been sufficiently emphasized. Men ought to abstain totally from intoxicating drink for the sake of their posterity. The law of heredity acts inexorably. Parents transmit to their descendants their own moral likeness. Who that has felt the horrors attendant on an appetite for strong drink would dare deliberately to become a parent, lest he might hand that heritage of woe down to his innocent children?

A cheering truth comes to us from the case of the young man of whom I have written. The grace of God can help one to resist successfully even a strong hereditary appetite for intoxicating drink. The insatiable thirst for the cup may be stronger than the strong man armed, but God in Christ is stronger still.

CHAPTER IV.

CONVERSION THROUGH AFFLICTION.

IT is sometimes said, even by Christian pastors, that the sharp mental and emotional agony experienced on account of the death of friends seldom, if ever, results in permanent religious benefit to the afflicted, if the afflicted are unregenerate. Those holding this opinion think that it is fully justified by the many cases in which, during the first bitterness of bereavement, religious vows are tearfully made only to be disregarded and forgotten when the stress of sorrow has passed away. It is also held that this opinion has a sound philosophical basis. The loss of relatives by death, it is said, even the nearest, stirs only the natural affections, which are so distinct from the religious that the former may be profoundly agitated without at all affecting the latter. Cherishing a notion which seems to be so well grounded in fact and in philosophy, some pastors expect little or no religious benefit, especially to the unconverted, from the sorrow of bereavement. But their philosophy may be at fault. The human mind is a unit. It acts as a whole in any given direction. Whatever affection is excited, all other affections are thereby modified. The excitement of the natural affections, even though they are distinct from the religious, opens an easy way to the latter. Christ, the greatest of preachers, distinctly recognized this when he appealed to parental affection, that he might lead men to trust

their Father in heaven for all needful things. To arouse natural affection merely for the pleasure of exercising our power over susceptible, emotional souls, is wanton and mischievous; but to arouse it that we may reach through it the deeper religious affections is to follow in the footsteps of the prophets and of him who "spake as never man spake." So also when natural affection is stirred to its profoundest depths by bereavement, we have through such agitation a rare opportunity of turning the thoughts of men to God. And when we appeal to facts, while it is true that great affliction often fails to produce genuine repentance—a permanent change of life and conduct—it is also true that it frequently leads to this desired end.

In illustration of this last declaration, let me relate an event which transpired in my college days, more than fifty years ago. The long vacation in summer came. Though but a callow youth, I went up among the Allegany hills in Southern New York to preach for a few weeks to a pastorless church. I had only three precious sermons. To my dismay, two-thirds of my sermonic stock was exhausted the first Sunday after my arrival. But God, in his providence, soon gave me such work to do that the sermons, with suitable diligence, took care of themselves. Events called them forth.

In the town of my sojourn malignant scarlet fever appeared, and there was death and bitter sorrow. Just beyond the village lived a farmer. He was utterly irreligious, but a good-natured, jolly sort of man. He had his companions of fun and frolic in the town. He and they were "hail fellows, well met." The farthest thing from their thought was personal piety, duty to God. But this young farmer had a Christian wife and

two beautiful children, a daughter and son, aged, if I correctly remember, eight and six. That awful scourge, scarlet fever, which was stealthily creeping from the village up the valleys, among the hills, attacked them both at once. Their playthings were thrown aside and the music of their prattle ceased. The skill of the physicians was baffled. Father and mother passed a few hours of awful anxiety, and then both of their loved ones were still in death. They were childless. How desolate were their souls! How empty and worthless was the world! Just at that supreme hour of anguish I entered that house of stricken hearts. The mother was moving about with vacant look and tearless eyes. Her words were calm and breathed the spirit of resignation, but her grief was too deep for tears. The father was more demonstrative, but his ejaculations showed plainly enough that he was in spiritual darkness, and that his soul quivered with anguish. Novice as I was, what could I say to persons older than myself, and in such great sorrow? I was doing better than I then supposed. With a heart full of sympathy I was listening to their tale of woe.

Years after, in pastoral work, the lesson was learned that the surest way to comfort the sorrowing is to listen sympathetically while they tell the story of their affliction. I was able, however, to speak a few words of comfort and to breathe a broken prayer. Then the father led me to an adjoining room; turning to me, the bitter tears coursing down his cheeks, with awful emphasis born of grief, pointing to the dead bodies of his departed children, he cried: "I know what that means. God calls on me to turn around and go right the other way." I entreated him to listen to God's voice, spoke to him for forgiveness and comfort which he might have through Christ, and left him alone.

Two days had passed since the funeral. In the stillness of a summer evening I went up the valley towards that stricken home, apprehensive lest I might do more injury than good in my bungling attempts to comfort the bereaved. The house, a two-story, wooden building, stood a little back from the public road. The path to the door was bordered by sweet-william. The door was ajar. I heard the voice of singing within. It was difficult for me to believe my ears. I knocked gently. The singing ceased. The afflicted father invited me in. He was alone. A single glance showed that a great change had taken place in him. There were lines of sorrow on his face, but at the same time it was lighted up with joy. He said: "You may have thought it strange that I was singing; but in spite of all my sorrow this has been the happiest day of my life. I am a new man with new hope; and I was singing some of the old hymns which my mother taught me when I was a boy." Before, I had wept with him, but now I had the inestimable privilege of rejoicing with him. God had led a soul through untold bitterness to unspeakable joy. The angels rejoiced in heaven, and we on earth; but heaven and earth seem to have met in that humble farm-house.

A few days afterwards, when the report of his conversion had spread through the village, he asked me if I knew what his old cronies said about it. I told him that some of them said, "O, Jed will forget it all in a little while."

He replied: "They know nothing of sorrow like mine if they think that I can ever forget it. The change in me is forever."

I went back to my studies at college. Twenty-two years of a busy life had come and gone. One even-

ing, in a city in Southern New York, I preached the annual sermon before the New York Baptist Ministerial Conference. Among those who greeted me after the sermon was my old friend whose heart God had touched and changed by thrusting him into the furnace of affliction. My inquiry as to his spiritual condition was perhaps rather abrupt and urgent, for I had never heard a word concerning him for more than two decades. It was a great joy to learn that for some years he had been a faithful deacon of the very church which was then entertaining the State Convention. He was right when he said so long before, "The change in me is forever."

We should learn from this and similar incidents that when God breaks the hearts of men by great afflictions, he is calling on us to sow in those broken hearts, faithfully and tenderly, the seed of his word.

CHAPTER V.

WORDS WORTHLESS WITHOUT EXAMPLE.

MANY years ago there lived in Rochester, New York, a man of mark, William C. Bloss. He had large ability and unusual force of character with a dash of eccentricity. On philanthropic themes he was a popular speaker, sometimes eloquent. He had a ready, sparkling wit and, above all, he was a downright Christian, greatly interested in the work of saving men.

At one time he represented his district in the State Senate. He was a conscientious, faithful legislator, and, on the whole, a fairly able one. In debate, he was quick and keen in retort. He was ever on the alert to seize every advantage. One day he had been advocating in a cogent speech a bill which he was anxious and determined to carry through the Senate. A member of that body, noted for the pomposity of his rhetoric, vehemently opposed it. While delivering his long, verbose harangue, somewhat exhausted and thirsty, he called for water. Mr. Bloss was on his feet in a twinkling. He said, "Mr. President, I object." "State your objection," said the president. "I object," said Mr. Bloss, "to a windmill's going by water." This so turned the laugh on his opponent as to render the remainder of his speech worse than futile. This incident, often told, and sometimes erroneously attributed to others, helps to get before us the personality of the man concerning whom I write.

In his old age I often met him. His mind was then at times unbalanced. Since his insanity was of a harmless type he was permitted by his friends to go where he pleased. His face, usually smooth-shaven, was, during these periods of insanity, covered over with a stiff, bristling beard; his hair was unkempt; his clothing disordered, and his eye wild and piercing. He commonly carried under his arm, or in his hand, a Bible. While crazed, his intense nervous excitement found vent in advocating moral and religious reforms. In one of his fits of insanity, I saw him, Bible in hand, standing in the arcade, at Rochester, near the post-office, with a crowd gathered around him. In garb and manner he seemed to me like one of the old prophets. He opened his Bible and began to read the fifteenth verse of the second chapter of Habakkuk. The words were uttered with awful emphasis: "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken also." "That," he cried, "is what God says; but the Common Council of this city says, 'License unto him.' God says, 'Woe'; they say, 'License.'" Then he denounced the Common Council with scathing invectives and, turning to the fifth chapter of Isaiah, read, with the same terrible vehemence: "Therefore, hell hath enlarged herself, and opened her mouth without measure." Unbalanced in mind though he was, he seemed to be saner on the subject of the saloon than most of his fellow-citizens. The conscience of every man that heard him must have responded in approval of his words.

The crowd around him increased. A very tall physician, who, like Saul, the son of Kish, towered head and shoulders above us, joined the throng and stood intently listening to the words of the crazy prophet.

When there was a pause in his speech the physician said to us: "In gathering around our old friend and neighbor, Mr. Bloss. you are doing him an injury. You know that he is insane, and by listening to him you increase his nervous excitement and prolong his insanity. I ask you all, gentlemen, to disperse and leave him alone."

Mr. Bloss had seen the physician himself listening to him like the rest, and he saw him still standing there in the crowd which he was exhorting to disperse. Turning his wild, glaring eyes upon him, in stentorian tones, he cried out: "Set the example, you old blockhead! Set the example, you old blockhead!"

Words roughly spoken in an insane frenzy, but they were so pat that the crowd cheered. In all the years which since have come and gone, whenever I have heard any man exhorting others to do what he himself refused to perform—and we have much of such exhortation, and it is very cheap—those words of the crazy speaker, forceful, if not courteous, have involuntarily come to my mind: "Set the example, you old blockhead!"

CHAPTER VI.

FLATTER ON YOUR FACE.

LONG ago a prophet wrote: "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked," or, as the passage is rendered in the new version, "It is desperately sick. who can know it?" The omniscient One, through the prophet, responds, "I the Lord search the heart." No one else is equal to such a task. It is not strange then that finite man, blinded by sin, is often deceived as to his own spiritual condition, and mistakes certain agitations of his feelings for genuine repentance. Any hint, therefore, which may help us to judge correctly the state of our own hearts will be welcomed by every one who is honest with himself.

In the winter of 1876-7, Mr. Moody and his co-workers held their meetings at the great tabernacle in Chicago. Every earnest pastor in the city did what he could to help on that masterful campaign against sin and Satan. Among those whose spiritual welfare I sought to promote was a man between thirty and forty years of age, called familiarly by his companions, George.

When I first saw him, he was poorly, but not shabbily dressed. One of his eyes, however, was slightly discolored, one cheek was bruised, and, suffering from some skin disease, his face was blotched. His whole appearance suggested that he had tarried long at the wine, or at that which was stronger, until he knew by

bitter experience what Solomon meant when he wrote, "At last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

But Christ came to seek and to save that which was lost, to call not the righteous, but sinners to repentance. Believing with all my heart this great and gracious truth, the very desperateness of this poor sinner's case stimulated me to effort on his behalf. His apparent sincerity encouraged me. He evidently felt his weakness. He called at my house often. At each visit he wished me to pray with him and for him. He sometimes with seeming earnestness prayed for himself. Still there was a shadow of doubt resting on my mind as to the genuineness of his conversion. He apparently made me his refuge, instead of the Lord. But since he confessed himself a sinner, and prayed, it was a dictate of charity to take the most favorable and helpful view of his case. "Charity thinketh no evil."

At last, however, the genuineness of his repentance received a sharp and salutary challenge. He said to me one day: "I am a telegrapher, and I wish you to go with me to the superintendent of the Western Union and solicit for me a place on the staff of the company's operators." It gave me unusual pleasure to grant his request; it is a joy at any time to help one in his struggle for a better life, and in this case the desire for honest employment was to my mind another evidence of conversion.

We entered the office of the superintendent. He was engrossed in his duties and could not at once give us a hearing. We waited patiently. At last he courteously asked what we wanted. I introduced to him my recently-found friend, and told him that he wanted some place as a telegraph operator; that he had not been in

the past all that he should have been, but that he had now repented of his waywardness and wished to get down to honest work. The superintendent fixed his eyes on him for a moment, and then exclaimed, "O George, is that you?" In a low, timid tone, he replied, "Yes." To my great surprise, I had introduced the superintendent to an old acquaintance. He now turned to me and said: "This man for whom you are interested is the most skillful telegrapher in this country. I know of no ear so delicate and accurate as his. He never mistakes the meaning of any click of the instrument. We had unbounded confidence in him, and stationed him at Cleveland, a great telegraphic center, and put him in charge of all our interests there. But he would get drunk, and we were compelled to discharge him."

"But," said George, speaking in defense, "when I was in Cleveland, my companions had a bad influence upon me, and led me astray; if it had not been for them I should not have drank; but now"——. The superintendent broke in on this apologetic harangue: "O George! have you repented? Do you really think you have? Don't deceive yourself. You will have to get down flatter on your face than that. No man ever yet repented who laid his sins to somebody else."

His words like an electric flash vividly revealed a fundamental fact of genuine repentance. He had made a generalization absolutely, universally true. No man ever really repented who laid his sins to anybody or to anything except himself. David, in his great penitential psalm, does not even plead, in extenuation of his crime, his hot, passionate nature, but accuses himself alone. He cries: "I have sinned, and done this evil in thy sight." "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean,"

Appealing to me, the superintendent said: "What ought I to do? I have the names of fifty men who have made application for work. Forty-six of them are sober and true. Shall I give this man a place and deny it to one of these sober men?" I replied: "You evidently understand your duty. I only wish to do what I can for this man who at least has professed repentance." Then, as though his own heart was touched for George, he said: "There is a place down in Arkansas—there is not much of it—perhaps I will send him down there. He is so capable—but on account of drink must take such a place as that, or none."

That was the last I ever saw of George. But I came away with a generalization on repentance, flashed down so deeply and vividly into the depths of my consciousness, that it has been ever since part and parcel of my thought; no man ever yet repented who laid his sins to somebody else.

CHAPTER VII.

A RIVER MAN CONVERTED.

THE spiritual welfare of a multitude of boatmen on our great western rivers is sadly neglected. To be sure during the last quarter of a century some earnest organized effort has been made to remedy this grave defect; but forty or fifty years ago, most of the toilers on our Mississippi steamboats could truthfully say, "No man cares for my soul." St. Louis, the great central city of the Mississippi Valley, with its extensive river trade, became the home of many boatmen and their families. Here, when the steamers on which they were employed tied up at the levee for a few hours or days or weeks, they had the joy of spending the time with their households.

In 1862 one of them returned to his city home, sick. The physician was called, who declared that he was suffering with consumption and could not live long. Being only thirty-seven years old and full of plans for the future, the announcement of the near approach of death at first seemed utterly to crush his spirit. A member of my church living near him, learning of his sad plight, visited him and tried to console him. His benevolent effort was however apparently absolutely futile. Thereupon he asked me to do what I could to comfort the disconsolate boatman. To this appeal I promptly and gladly responded. But when I reached that sick room a scene presented itself to me more sor-

rowful and heart-rending than any that I had ever before met. There was before me a young married man, hopelessly stricken with an incurable disease. Up to a few hours before he had had no suspicion of his real physical condition. The revelation made to him by his physician smote him like a thunderbolt from a clear sky. He lay prostrate in the dust. His agony of spirit could not be told. With flushed face, the sweat starting from his brow, he walked nervously to and fro across the room, convulsively clutching his hair, and with laboring breath cried: "The doctor says I can't live; but, oh, I'm too young to die! I can't die, I can't die!" Such intense and passionate words revealed the awful distress of his soul.

I tried to comfort him with the truths of the gospel. But my effort appeared to be worse than vain. From boyhood he had worked on a Mississippi steamboat. He knew nothing of Christ and the glad tidings which he brought to men. He was as ignorant of evangelical truth as a heathen in central Hindustan. So saying what I could, with aching heart, I was compelled to leave him in his agony and despair. But while awake I could not for a moment forget him. Early the next day I visited him again. I found him calmer in spirit, and was rejoiced to learn that my words of the day before had not been altogether in vain. He was ready, almost eager, now to hear me. I told him that God loved him, and that Christ came to save him from sin; that Christ died for him. As I tried in various ways to illustrate the truths that I uttered, it gave me great joy to see the tears start in his eyes and to hear him exclaim, "Oh, say that again!" As I talked he believed. He had, to be sure, the most meager knowledge of the Gospel, but the great, central,

life-giving truth that God in Christ was his Saviour, he dimly but truly apprehended, and with that vision his agitated spirit became serene. He who trod the waves of tempestuous Galilee whispered to his storm-tossed soul, "Peace, be still," and the peace of God that passes all understanding filled his heart.

I poured out my soul in thanksgiving, and also prayed that the divine Spirit might illuminate his mind and guide him into all the truth. Then with my own soul filled with unwonted joy I confidently left him, assured that he who had begun a good work in him would "perfect it until the day of Jesus Christ."

That he had been renewed by the Spirit of God was clearly manifest to all. It could now be said of him, as the Lord said to Ananias of the converted Saul, "Behold, he prayeth." Still, as he had never prayed before, he had no set words and phrases in which to express his desires to God; but he had found a divine Friend, who had given him a new life, delivered him from fear, and filled him with hope, to whom in childlike confidence he could make known his every want. So in just such language as in everyday life he would request a favor of a neighbor or familiar acquaintance, he asked the Lord for what he wanted. In one sentence he prayed for something that would be good for him to eat, in the next that the Lord would forgive his sins. This strange commingling of petitions for body and soul almost in the same breath gave some Christian friends, who cared for him, so much anxiety that they reported it to me and asked what was best to be done. I at once replied: "Don't disturb him; let him pray in his own way, the stream will soon run clear." In communion with his Lord he grew rapidly in spiritual knowledge. Unwittingly he came to appreciate the relative importance of physical and spiritual blessings;

and while it was undoubtedly fitting for him to pray for either, some three or four weeks after his conversion I heard him pour out his heart in simple, artless language for his soul alone. Great as his bodily necessities were, he seemed to have quite forgotten them in the presence of his greater spiritual needs.

While gradually wasting away he lived on for several months; but while his "outward man was decaying his inward man was renewed day by day." As his body grew weaker his spirit grew stronger. He did not worry, he did not repine. He was patient and cheerful. He was in blissful companionship with his Lord. In the dead of night the time of his departure came at last. He said cheerily to the Christian brother who was watching at his bedside, "I must go now, Jesus calls for me." It can't be possible," said his friend. "Oh, yes," he replied, "He calls me." Then he straightened himself in his bed, and, as calmly as he ever did any duty on a Mississippi steamboat, laid his left hand across his breast and with the emaciated thumb and forefinger of his right gently closed his own eyes. In a moment he had ceased to breathe. He thus passed on peacefully into "the valley of the shadow of death." He did not go alone. His Lord who came to receive him unto himself was with him.

By his bedside stood his unconverted and weeping wife. As she gazed on the thin, pale face that seemed to have caught and held a gleam of the glory beyond, she sobbed out through her tears, "James had something that I know nothing about, and I want it, too." She sought it and found it. A few weeks after I baptized her on the profession of her faith. So husband and wife, separated in body, were eternally united in spirit. One was in heaven, the other on earth, but both were in Christ.

CHAPTER VIII.

COVETOUSNESS RIDICULED.

YEARS ago there was a great meeting of Methodists in Chicago. Among many important matters considered by them was the condition of their benevolent enterprises. It appeared from carefully compiled statistics that, for missions of all kinds, the Methodists of the Northern States during the preceding year had paid only thirty-eight cents *per capita*. An eloquent and humorous brother unfolded and discussed the whole subject before a congregation that filled to overflowing a great audience room. He had only fairly begun his speech when all present saw that he was dead in earnest, and the throng of intent listeners was soon aflame with his enthusiasm. For a time he was compelled to handle stiff, cold statistics, but he so presented them that they were not only convincing but eloquent. By them every mind was illuminated and every heart touched. The great throng before him was responsive and spellbound. They thought as he thought. His burning indignation was theirs also. At last he fell into a vein of ridicule. He said, "I am not on the committee for revising the hymn-book; if I were, I should go for striking out the last stanza of a great and glorious hymn:

" 'Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all!' Thirty-eight cents
a head!"

Still pouring out his humorous derision on covetousness he declared that "up in Wisconsin there lived a rich but penurious Methodist, who was never known to contribute anything either for missions or local church expenses. He had a little boy who had just donned his first pair of trousers and was as proud of his pockets as a peacock is of its tail. The little fellow had noticed that many people in the church dropped money into the contribution boxes and decided that he would do so, too. He became the lordly owner of a cent. On Sunday his father and mother took him to church. As usual a collection was taken, but neither of his parents gave anything. The boy became excited, jumped off the seat, ran his hand down into one of his precious pockets, got hold of the only cent he had, and proudly dropped it into the contribution box. And just as the collector passed to the next pew he heard the little boy say to his father, 'If it hadn't been for me, this pew would have been whitewashed this morning.'"

So the speaker, as he dilated on the too meager gifts to missions, re-enforced reason with ridicule. He effectively exalted benevolence, but heaped reproach and shame on covetousness. All, as they listened, must have seen the blessedness of giving, and the meanness of using wholly for themselves what God has graciously bestowed upon them. It was an able, humorous, wholesome address. We laughed, we cheered, we felt ashamed of our niggardliness, and not a few, I am sure, determined in the future to put more largely into exercise the too much neglected grace of giving.

CHAPTER IX.

TENPINS.

A NUMBER of men, residing in a beautiful New England village, but doing business in Boston, found themselves, when late in the day they returned to their homes, weary and exhausted and greatly in need of some helpful, restful recreation. After considerable discussion of the matter they decided to build a bowling-alley, where, under cover, at the close of each day's labor, they could exercise, rain or shine. Soon the proposed alley was constructed, and duly equipped, and six days in the week, toward each evening, was heard there the rumbling of rolling balls and the sharp click of hit and flying pins. No one played for money, but all for much-needed physical exercise and the glory of winning. Nor were these business men exclusive in their sport. They generously granted to others in the village the use of the alley. I rejoiced in the physical strength which I there acquired, for the more efficient discharge of my duties in the Theological Institution, and there, too, the pastor of the Congregational Church often played, finding that the stimulating exercise augmented his power for study and forceful preaching, and for his manifold duties in the families of his congregation.

For a time all went smoothly. But this pastor, greatly beloved in the community and most highly esteemed by his denomination throughout New England,

had, by bowling for recreation in a tenpin alley, evoked the sharp condemnation of one of his own flock. This censorious critic of his pastor was well along in years. He was medium in height, erect, lean and wiry. He had a cold grey eye. In thought he was clear and intense. He had downright convictions and unfaltering courage. After having been vexed for weeks by his pastor's visits to the bowling-alley, he at last openly and vigorously protested against such unministerial conduct, and entered complaint against him before the church. So it was publicly announced that the church would consider his complaint on the evening of the next mid-week prayer-meeting.

While not a member of the Congregational Church, yet being in the same condemnation with the good pastor and feeling that I ought not to desert him in his hour of trial, I ventured, with some misgivings as to the strict propriety of my act, to attend that meeting. On my arrival I found the chapel quite full, but the usher courteously conducted me to about the only remaining unoccupied seat.

Soon the pastor arose and fully stated the question that his brethren had been called to consider. He then read and carefully expounded the passages in Romans and First Corinthians, where Paul discusses the eating of meat that had been offered to idols. While the Apostle believed that in and of itself it was right to eat such meat, he declared that, if by so doing, he should lead his weak brother to offend, he would not eat it so long as the world stood. And it seemed to me, that the pastor in his exposition made the phrase "weak brother" quite emphatic. He now prayed fervently and tenderly; one of the brethren followed in an earnest petition for wisdom and divine guidance; then we

sang a hymn that was a prayer for brotherly love; after which the pastor invited any that would to speak on the question before the meeting.

The suppressed excitement was evidently intense. We all felt it. There were several speeches, all favorable to the pastor, who was really on trial. I will give the substance of two of these speeches. The brother who brought the charge against the pastor had failed to discriminate between the right use and the abuse of a thing, and some of his brethren were evidently intent on making him see his error. So one of them rose and said:

“For the past few days I have been carefully considering the subject of razors, and have been driven to the conclusion that the razor is a wicked instrument. How often have men used it to commit the horrible crime of suicide. Moreover, hundreds of times men, seething with wrath, have employed it to cut and slash others; and with it villains have cut the throats of their innocent fellow men. It has become one of the most common weapons of murder. Brethren, I do not think that we should ever use a razor again, nor countenance any one that does use it. To have anything to do with it is to uphold suicide, assault and murder. The razor should be at once and forever banished from all moral and Christian communities.”

While this keen, ironical speech produced a ripple of laughter, it was clear to any onlooker that it added fuel to the fire. Another brother was at once on his feet. In a similar strain he ridiculed the accusation made against his pastor. He said:

“I have been thinking about gravel. We have been accustomed to prize it highly as good material for making roads and walks; but it is beyond question

very villainous stuff. It is a constant source of temptation to the young, leading them directly to the vice of gambling. Boys almost universally use the coarser particles of gravel for jackstones. Soon they get to playing jackstones for candy or toys or cents, and by means of this pestilent gravel, the destructive habit of gambling is insidiously formed in their young minds. Noting this, it goes without saying that we should never have anything more to do with gravel. We should never again put it on our roads or walks; we should never handle it in any way; should never walk on it; should never so much as touch it. It corrupts our children; it is unqualifiedly wicked."

The brother who preferred the accusation against his pastor was now thoroughly aroused; but he was master of himself. He spoke in his own defense. The sentences that fell from his lips were clear and crisp, although they came with a rush and angry snap. He accused his brethren of making light of an exceedingly grave and important matter. "There is," he said, "a law on the statute books of Massachusetts which specifically declares ninepins to be gambling, and, in the interest of public morals, decrees its suppression. Now how did bad men get around the law? Why, they just added one more pin, and made the game tenpins instead of ninepins." The audience laughed. How could they help it? Still his whole speech showed that he did his own thinking and was not a man to be despised.

But the last of this unique meeting was the best. The large-hearted pastor, full of the spirit of Christ, said that he believed it to be right to play tenpins for recreation; that for the past few months he had occasionally played the game here in our village, that for several years during his summer vacation he had

played it in the White Mountains, but he could get suitable exercise in other ways, by walking, horseback-riding or sawing wood; and if playing tenpins was going to cause his brother to offend, he would play tenpins no more while the world stood. His apostolic and Christ-like words lifted us up above all that was narrow and selfish and mean. The church no longer had any cause for discussion or action. The magnanimous pastor had taken it all away.

The meeting was about to close, when a young man seized the opportunity of stirring up his brethren to attend more faithfully to weekly prayer-meetings. He said: "I have not for months seen so many at the prayer-meeting. This subject has been unusually attractive, and I move that it be continued for another week." This was greeted with merriment. It was a rebuke so humorously administered that there was no sting in it, but it could not be easily forgotten.

Then the pastor, who had freely and gladly renounced, for the sake of his "weak" brother, what he believed to be right, prayed and invoked upon us all the blessing of the forgiving God, and we went to our homes, wiser and, I trust, better men.

CHAPTER X.

A VISIT TO RICHMOND IN 1859.

IN 1859, when a pastor in St. Louis, I was sent by my church as a delegate to the Southern Baptist Convention which, in May, met in Richmond. While on my journey to the capital of the Old Dominion I went as far as Washington over the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. While passing through the Buckeye State, at a small railway station, two men, having in charge a negro handcuffed, came into the car in which I was sitting. I soon learned what this meant. The negro was not a criminal, unless it be a crime for a man to escape from bondage. Three years before he ran away from his Virginia master, and had since effectually hidden himself. He was a mulatto about thirty years old and in personal appearance prepossessing. Soon after his escape he married, and a child had been born to make glad his humble home. But his owner had at last ferreted him out, caused his arrest by due process of law, and the court, compelled by the inexorable statute, regardless of his wife and child, had sent him back to his old bondage. He was bearing up bravely under this sudden and sad reverse in his fortune, while those who had him in charge—one of whom was his master—were noisily hilarious. For some miles they and I were the only passengers in that coach. They saw me sitting by myself, and the master of the handcuffed chattel, coming to my seat, held out to me a

bottle of whiskey, saying familiarly, "Kunel, take a drink." I thanked him, saying that I did not drink. He rejoined, "What! don't drink? Better take some."

He having imbibed enough to make him garrulous, told all about his slave; but he did not know how I detested him and pitied the poor, cowering bondman. When he had finished that shameful story, he went back to his slave and said: "Geo'ge, you like it better down in ole Virgin'y than you do in Ohio, don't ye?" And poor, shackled George said, "Yes," with the circumflex, which, of course, was a soft way of saying no. Two or three hours later, to my great satisfaction these men with their chained chattel left the car. George, torn from wife and baby, was nearing the blessed spot which he liked better than his home in Ohio. Just why on my way to Richmond, Providence so ordered it that I should see for the first and only time in my life a slave forcibly returned to bondage was to me a mystery. What I saw tended to awaken within me anything but admiration either for slavery or the fugitive-slave law.

But on this trip one incident after another connected with slavery seemed destined quickly to follow each other. I got to Richmond in the afternoon, and found the Virginia Baptist Association in session. It was its last meeting before adjournment for the year. The brethren had been devising and discussing some measures by which they might legally furnish the slaves with the New Testament. They had finally voted to print some parts of the Gospels in large, plain type and, so far as the consent of the masters could be secured, to circulate these scraps of Scripture among the bondmen of the State and encourage them to learn to read. It was a bold move on behalf of the neglected

and downtrodden, and was Christ-like. All felt its spiritual uplift. The time for adjournment had come. We were fervently singing the last stanza of the closing hymn. The brother chosen to pronounce the benediction stood in the pulpit, facing the audience, when suddenly back of him a door opened and a rough-looking business man entered, walked across the pulpit platform and stood close beside him who was about to bless us in the name of the Lord. Just as the last line of the hymn had been sung, and the hush of voices had come, the intruder upon our worship called out with a strong, rasping voice: "Is Mr. — in the house? If he is, I wish to inform him that his girl Sally is in the jail, and he can have her when he goes there and proves his property." Then the ambassador of Him who commanded us "to let the oppressed go free," lifted up his hands and pronounced upon us in the name of the triune God an Apostolic benediction. Was there ever anything more shockingly incongruous? I am sure that many in that great assembly were, like myself, hotly indignant.

In the evening the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop of Boston addressed the Y. M. C. A. of Richmond in the meeting house of the First Colored Baptist Church. This church numbered more than three thousand. Its audience room was necessarily large and though plain, was cheery and inviting. At the hour appointed for the address it was well filled with the well-to-do, intelligent, Christian people of Richmond and the surrounding towns and cities. The great audience was eager to see and hear the Massachusetts statesman. Governor Wise presided and introduced the speaker in a happy, gracious speech. He dilated on their former pleasant associations in the House of Representatives.

When the orator rose to speak the hand-clapping was hearty and prolonged. Before launching out upon his premediated address he said that if any present should object to some things he was about to utter, his only apology was that he first wrote his lecture for the Y. M. C. A. of Boston, and did not have "one mouth for Boston and another for Richmond." This manly and brave declaration was greeted with general and hearty applause. But the times were ticklish. The public mind North and South was inflamed on the subject of slavery. An unwary spark might cause a conflagration. And that great audience was manifestly on the qui vive to learn what it was in that chaste, eloquent speech to which they perhaps could not assent. At last the speaker reached the obnoxious passage. It was simply this, that slavery as it then existed in the United States could not for a moment stand the test of the New Testament. The orator's statement was unequivocal and luminous. His thought was thoroughly analyzed and forcefully presented. While he was uttering it that great audience was as still as a stone. At the pauses between the sentences I heard the flickering of the gas. When the passage was finished there was not even the slightest sign of approval. Out of cold courtesy it was silently, sullenly endured. But on the part of the speaker it was one of those courageous acts, which must have stirred deep down in the souls of many who differed from him, genuine and generous admiration.

The next day, Sunday, the sessions of the Convention began. In the morning Dr. Richard Fuller of Baltimore preached the opening sermon. His subject was "Doubting Thomas." His method was expository. His diction was clear and simple. His thought was

interesting and at times vigorous. He painted scenes with great vividness, and in some passages was wonderfully pathetic. He laid seige to my heart and quickly took it. When he had spoken his last word I could but say, "He is a prince among preachers." I have since read that sermon, but in cold type it is but a very faint suggestion of what it was when uttered. The tones of voice, the flashing eye, the spontaneous interpretative action and characteristic emphasis of a speaker can never be conveyed to us through the printed page. Mere thought may be suggested by printed words, but the heights and depths of glowing passion never.

At the close of the morning's service, a noted Baptist pastor of Richmond invited me to dine with him. His hearty invitation was gladly accepted. I met at his table half a dozen Southern preachers. Their conversation, lighted up with humor, was entertaining and provocative of thought. After dinner mine host said: "Will you have a cigar?" "No, thank you." "Will you take a pipe, then?" "No, I thank you, I don't smoke." "What," he exclaimed, "don't smoke! Why, you are not orthodox!" He himself smoked a Turkish pipe, the narghile, with its long, flexible tube, the smoke passing through water before it reached his mouth. Every minister present except myself smoked either cigar or pipe, and I, a young man, there learned one item of orthodoxy south of Mason and Dixon's line.

In the afternoon and evening the preachers who were delegates to the Convention were invited to fill the various evangelical pulpits of Richmond. It fell to my lot to preach at the Second Presbyterian Church. Thirty or more years afterwards I was invited to return to Richmond, and repeat, if possible, the same sermon, in the same pulpit, at the same evening hour. But to my

great disappointment I was unable to respond to that courteous and unique invitation; still, had I been able to do, I could not have repeated a sermon that I delivered extemporaneously thirty years before, and if I could have recalled it I would not have preached it, since, to my own notion, I had long before outgrown it.

While in Richmond I received the most lavish hospitality under the roof of an Episcopalian. He was a flour manufacturer and evidently a man of wealth. He spared no pains to make his guests comfortable and happy. His house was large, beautiful and richly furnished. His table was loaded with appetizing food both from home and foreign markets. But in this elegant Christian home I was not to escape the then ubiquitous question of slavery. One of my fellow guests was a deacon of a Baptist church in Georgia. He was very gentle in manner, but a manly man withall. I was mightily drawn to him and he seemed to be to me. It was clearly a case of love between two men at first sight. But I discovered that he was greatly troubled in mind about something. He soon requested a private interview with me. I invited him to the seclusion of my own room. He naturally thought, since I hailed from a slave State, that I like himself was pro-slavery in sentiment, so with perfect confidence he unfolded to me his sad tale, and asked for my advice. He said that he owned a plantation in Georgia and, as the years went by, the soil grew less and less productive, while his slaves multiplied so rapidly that every year it became more difficult to raise enough to sustain adequately both his household and them. At last, driven by necessity, he seemed compelled either to abandon his plantation, or to sell some of his slaves to make ends meet. But he had never sold one of his fellow men and

his moral sense revolted against such an act; and in evident agony of spirit he asked me what I thought he ought to do.

My sympathy was profoundly stirred. He had not the slightest suspicion that in every fiber of my being I was utterly opposed to slavery in all its forms; that he was in fact asking advice of a conservative but uncompromising abolitionist. I did not feel it incumbent on me to reveal to him my innermost thought of slavery. He was my Christian brother, and through no fault of his own he was in deep trouble. His slaves were an inheritance; his conscience forbade him to sell them. And while I abhorred slavery, I loved my brother who had been born and bred in the midst of it, and with a full heart, I said to him: "It is always safe to obey one's conscience, come what may, while to disobey it morally corrupts the soul. If you cannot sell your slaves with a clear conscience, then, in my judgment, you ought not to do it, whatever may be the consequences." Such, at least, was the burden of my counsel. He heartily assented to my position, and was evidently relieved in mind. I never saw, or heard from him again, but I shall never forget that pensive, winning face. We were unwittingly on the eve of a great civil war that was destined to brush aside all such distressful questions of conscience, but I could never cease to hope that my troubled brother managed in some way unflinchingly to maintain his moral integrity by refusing to sell the slaves that had been transmitted to him by inheritance.

Such are some of the incidents of my visit to Richmond a little less than two years before the attack on Fort Sumter and the beginning of the civil war in which slavery, in whose defense it was waged, perished.

CHAPTER XI.

A LUBBER'S LOOK.

MANY years ago, in a New England seaport, there lived a bright boy. He was frank, open-hearted, social, generous. Such qualities made him popular with all. His studies at school, easily mastered, were pleasures rather than tasks. With all his heart he entered also into the sports of his schoolmates. He was fond of the ocean. Ships and sailors were his delight. He heard the oft-repeated story of the clumsy country lad, who shipped for a voyage at sea and was sent up into the rigging to unfurl a sail, and, growing dizzy, was about to fall, when the boatswain, seeing his imminent peril, cried out to him, "Look aloft, you lubber," and how the upward look saved him. The noble boy knew not then that thoughts and images were being woven into his memory, which, in after years, would be the means of saving him from a more awful fate.

As his mind unfolded, ambition was born within him to take a course of study in college. He now gave himself with enthusiasm to mathematics, Latin and Greek. Having more than ordinary ability to acquire knowledge, he was soon ready for his entrance examination, which he passed without conditions. He was at last a proud freshman at Yale. He soon became an acknowledged leader both in the class-room and in college sports. But—what awful revelations frequently lie just beyond that disjunctive, "but"—he had one great

weakness; he was easily overcome by wrong social influences. Those royal fellows with whom he associated thought it a manly thing now and then to drink wine and brandy; and when they said to him, "Come, let's have a glass," he did not seem to have power to resist. Conscience reproved, but was unheeded. Friends pleaded with him, but with proud scorn were assured that he had perfect control of himself; he could drink or let it alone as he pleased. Well, he could then, and that was just the reason that his best friends so importunately urged him to let it alone, feeling sure that his control over his appetite would sooner or later be lost.

He graduated from college with honor. He studied law and was admitted to the bar. He became a practitioner in a large city. He had in him the possibilities of a great man, and rose rapidly in his profession. But,—again this fearful "but"!—he kept on drinking. All the time he was befooled with that baseless notion, that he was master of himself. At last the horrible revelation dawned upon him that he had lost his liberty. The bands which bound him were stronger than adamant. He was just what no man could ever have made him believe he would be,—a drunkard. His clients fell away. Both reputation and money were gone. With shame he crept out of the great city, and found his way to Western New York, where he bought a farm on credit.

Separated as he was now from his old haunts and companions in sin, he began to hope that he should become a sober man: if not a great lawyer, at least a respectable farmer. With sobriety came prosperity. His land yielded an abundance. He began to pay for his farm and was happy. But,—this awful disjunctive

once more,—a mile and a half from his house there was a wretched country tavern. It was a square, two-story brick structure. On the lower floor was the barroom, with its uncurtained windows, box-stove, unpainted, backless benches by the walls, and straight-backed wooden chairs. The shelves of the bar were adorned with pink, sawtoothed paper. On the shelves were decanters of whisky, rum, gin and brandy. Here and there could be seen a lemon perched on an overturned tumbler. The whole room was pervaded with that indescribable, repulsive smell which has been monopolized by country taverns.

In that barroom, the toppers from all the country round about congregated on stormy days and in the evenings. There they retailed the gossip of the neighborhood, told yarns, talked politics, smoked their cob and clay pipes and drank. Our farmer, always social, was drawn into this company. The demon which he had thought cast out, was only sleeping within him, and awoke. He returned to his old habit. Night after night he spent in that barroom. His farm was neglected; his family were in despair. One day late in October, after midnight, he staggered out of the tavern and started towards his home. The moon shone clear, the air was frosty. A quarter of a mile down the road was a well, a pump and a wide watering trough, partially filled with water. He reeled against it. He seemed to think it his bed, and lying down in it, fell into an unconscious stupor. He partially awoke as the first rays of the morning were shooting up the eastern sky. There was a film of ice over the water. His legs were benumbed so that he could not move them; but his arms, untouched by the water, were still under control of his will. Yet, he did not realize where he was. The

water brought back to his mind the sea, and all that he in boyhood had seen and heard there. And now a voice sounded in his ear, it seemed to him to be as loud as the thunder, "Look aloft, you lubber!"

He struggled to get out of his icy bed, but not succeeding, lay still again. Then, the second time, that voice, even louder than before, sounded in his ear, "Look aloft, you lubber!" Another and greater effort, and he was on the ground by the watering trough. Full consciousness returned. He chafed with his hands his benumbed limbs. At last he rose to his feet and went slowly towards his house, just as the sun rose. He could not forget the voice; he did look up, and that upward look saved him. The morning had come to his soul as well as to the earth. He drank no more. Under his intelligent tillage his farm rippled with golden grain. Plenty and peace were in the house. He became an apostle of temperance, and spoke to great throngs with unusual eloquence. He could not obliterate the past, but it was forgiven. He loved God, and he loved man. In what wonderful ways God saves men! The lessons of my story are so plain that there is no need of pointing them out.

CHAPTER XII.

“AND SALLY CAME.”

DURING the war of the rebellion I was a pastor in a border city. Some of the flock committed to my care lived in the country. It was a pleasing duty to visit these families now and then in their rural homes. For a few hours, at least, it took me beyond the bustling streets full of the “pomp and circumstance of glorious war,” and refreshed my jaded spirit with the quiet and beauty of verdant fields.

On one of these pastoral excursions I received the gracious hospitality of an aged and wealthy woman. At the close of my visit in her spacious and well-furnished house, she invited me to go out to the slave-quarters and see an aged negro. To have done this without an invitation, might have been an affront; but since it was her expressed wish it would have been a discourtesy to have refused. She was truly pious and in no way responsible for being the owner of slaves. They had been left her by her late husband and, without any choice on her part, were on her hands to be cared for; but while they were her chattels, she had no thought of selling them, and her special wish that I should converse with them in reference to their salvation showed that she had solicitude for their spiritual interests. She directed me to the house of old Joe, who, for a long time, had been the preacher and religious leader of the negroes on the plantation.

The slave-quarters were just an irregular row of log shanties. Each hut had but one room. In some of them there were puncheon floors, in others the bare ground was the floor. They were unplastered, though the chinks between the logs were filled with mortar or mud. Each cabin had one or more windows consisting of four small panes of glass; but some of the panes were broken, and to keep the wind out, cast-off rags filled their places. By the end wall was an open fireplace where the hoe cake was baked. Two or three wooden chairs, an unstained pine table, a doorless cupboard, a corded bedstead, a few dilapidated pots and kettles, some brown dishes, and a set of mismatched knives and forks constituted the principal articles of furniture. The ordinary fare of the slaves was the simplest and the coarsest; in such things they had no choice. Owned like the cattle, like the cattle they ate what was provided for them. Still, some of these log cabins were more neat and comfortable than others; the difference arising from differences in the character and habits of their occupants.

On the day of my visit, since the other slaves were at work in the fields, my time was spent in the hut of "Old Joe." He had seen more than ninety years. He was tall, his body somewhat bent, slightly bald, with woolly grey locks about his ears. He spoke of his work as a preacher, and said that in past years he used to hold four or five meetings a week, but now that he was old and troubled with rheumatism, he could hold but one. He and his wife were spending their last days in that log-cabin; which was probably more comfortable to them than a palace would have been.

We talked on religious subjects. Although he could not read, he often quoted Scripture. He never once

missed the correct sense of any passage to which he referred, and most of his quotations were made with accuracy. He had a rich Christian experience. The divine Spirit had been his teacher. I had entered his cabin to comfort him; but he instead was comforting me. I had come to teach him something, but lo, he had become my teacher in divine things, and I was gladly sitting at his feet that I might learn. During that wonderful conversation he often spoke of his Saviour as "God in Christ." Where he had learned this phrase, suited to the lips of a theologian, I knew not; but in every instance he used it with strict propriety. The words of an inspired apostle came to mind: "Hath not God chosen the poor of this world rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love him?"

He finally referred to his past history. He was born a slave in Virginia, and spoke of the kindness with which he had always been treated. His master determined to emigrate to Missouri. "This," he said, "made me very sad, because my wife was owned by another master. O it was so hard to leave her! The night before we were to start on our journey, I went three miles to her plantation; we talked till midnight, and then we parted, never expecting to see each other again. On my way back I thought that I had not asked the Lord about it. So I got down on my knees in the road, and I asked the Lord to send Sally with me; and Sally came." He did not tell me how the desire of his heart came to be fulfilled. My curiosity was excited to ask, but I restrained it. The prayer and its answer stand side by side in my memory, just as "old Joe" put them, "I asked the Lord to send Sally with me, and Sally came." And there she then sat by us, a woman of eighty-five.

We knelt in prayer, and poured out our hearts to God, I, a free man; he, a slave, but both in Christ Jesus in whom "is neither bond nor free." The slave hut was a Bethel. Our petitions were breathed out into God's ear and heart. I grasped the black, horny hands of my brother and sister in Christ, Joe and Sally, and bade them good-bye. They are now both safe over Jordan. The log-shanty has been exchanged for a mansion in our "Father's house."

This is a picture, unskillfully painted though it be, that had a thousand counterparts in those by-gone days of slavery. Many a bondman, bought and sold and whipped, was dear to the heart of Christ, and in a wonderful way was taught by the Spirit,—a slave, yet numbered with the godly whom the Lord "hath set apart for himself."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FADING NOSE.

ON one of the principal streets of a small but thriving Western city, there stood a meat-shop. The owner of it was a man of marked individuality. He stood over six feet in his stockings, was well-proportioned, although somewhat corpulent, and weighed over three hundred pounds. He was an enormous eater, especially fond of corned beef and cabbage. He drank freely, but was seldom, if ever, intoxicated. His nose, unusually large, was the telltale of his drinking-habit. His draughts of distilled liquor had painted it as red as the head of a turkey-gobbler. Still, in this great body, beneath that rough, red nose, there beat a generous heart, and the whole town knew Captain —— as a royal good fellow.

His wife was a gentle, delicate, refined woman. She had light brown hair, blue eyes, was of medium height and slender. She always dressed daintily and tastefully. When she walked by her husband, the contrast was striking and amusing. Her heart often ached because he tarried long over his cups, but strange as it seemed, she loved him tenderly and truly, and he in turn worshiped the very ground on which she stood. Their union was hallowed and blest by the birth of a son who inherited the gentler traits of the mother. This child greatly strengthened the bond of love between his parents, and unwittingly exerted a mighty influence for good over them both.

His mother was a Christian, never demonstrative, but always persistent and consistent. She brought her only child to the Sunday-school, and the preaching services. But the husband and father never came. He belonged to the world; and while his wife and son were in the house of God, he, with his companions in sin, was gorging himself with food and drinking the intoxicating cup. It is doubtful if any Christian in the whole city ever thought it possible for the Captain, glutton and drunkard as he was, to be converted and saved. But our thoughts are not God's thoughts; as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are his thoughts higher than our thoughts. He had purposed to save this man given to appetite, who, in a land of Sabbaths and churches, had not attended any religious service for fifteen years. And how gently and wonderfully God did it!

The little son of the household became deeply interested in a course of biblical, historical sermons, which were delivered Sunday evenings. He wanted his father to hear them. He had no thought of doing his father good; to him his father was the best of men. But the child had found rare enjoyment in Bible history, with its practical lessons, and he wished his father, whom he so ardently loved, to share his pleasure. So he told him artlessly what he had heard, and then, climbing up upon his knees, and looking wistfully into his eyes, he said, "Papa, won't you go to church with me to-night?" The Captain was at once conscious of some strange, but mighty influence, which was touching, penetrating and softening his heart. Thoughts of religious things woke within him. It required a strong effort of will to deny the winning, persistent pleading of his child. Especially had the words, "go to church

with me," moved him deeply. Where would he not go with his boy? Still he did not yield, but said,—his heart somehow swelling up into his throat,—“No, not to-night, my son,” and passionately kissing the dear boy, he went out to seek his old haunts of sin. But as, half irresolute, he sauntered along, thoughts of higher and nobler things flitted through his mind, and his heart was strangely agitated with tender emotions. Later in the evening, he was dimly conscious that his old associations, and the indulgence of his appetite, had in some way, lost half their former zest.

A week passed by. His little, curly-headed son climbed again upon his knees, and told him about the sermon of the previous Sunday evening, and with greater urgency than before asked him to go to church and hear the pastor. The Captain could hold out against such entreaty no longer; but proud of spirit, said he had no seat, and would not go till he had procured one.

Early Monday morning he made application for a pew, and asked for as good a one as there was in the house. He was told that the best sittings were all taken. But a good brother, whose pew was in the central aisle, said: “The Captain may have my pew; I will take one in the corner, and give as much for it as I have been giving for the better one.” God bless such brethren! The Captain thanked him for his great kindness, and then insisted on paying for the pew in advance for the whole year. During the week he determined to occupy it at both of the services on next Lord’s day. On Sunday forenoon, the Captain, with his wife and son, walked down the middle aisle, and took their places in the pew which he had so generously provided. It produced a sensation. The thought

of the people evidently was that the unexpected always happens. It was so strange to see that rum-blossomed nose in a pew in the central aisle. But on that morning, the Captain's step was firm and decisive, as though he were a little proud of the victory which he had achieved over himself, and the face of his wife was radiant with hope and joy, while the little boy's heart overflowed with gladness which came from the consciousness of being with both father and mother in the house of God.

Months came and went. The Captain with his happy family, was always in his pew on Sunday. He listened eagerly to the sermons. If to others the message from the pulpit was ever trite, to him it was always fresh. He was evidently learning for the first time the great, saving truths of the gospel, and he was fascinated by them. But he was silent. He made no open confession of his sins. He did not say to any one, "I believe in Jesus Christ as my Saviour." But he was thinking. He quietly dropped his old cronies. His nose was the outward index of what was taking place in his inner life. By degrees it lost its deep red hue. Week by week it was fading out. Each Sunday it was lighter than it had been before. It said more emphatically than words could have uttered it, The Captain has put away the intoxicating cup. At last you could not distinguish it by its color from other noses in the congregation; it had just a healthful flesh tint.

He now came to me and uttered with his lips the tale which his nose had already told. He said, "I am a different man from what I was once. My appetites are conquered. I do not drink now. I pray in my family. I shall soon be ready to make a profession of my faith in baptism." This purpose was never ful-

filled. Not long afterwards he unexpectedly passed away; but he died in faith, regenerated, washed, sanctified, saved.

Repentance does not consist in feeling bad on account of our sins. Many weep over their sins who never repent of them. Repentance is a radical change of the mind and the heart, and of the outward life. The Captain's fading nose was a clearer, more decisive evidence of his repentance than any tears or words of his could possibly have been.

CHAPTER XIV.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

EARLY in the summer of 1861, the commander of the Army of the Potomac, Irwin McDowell, was seen on several different occasions, riding on horseback across the country, between the different encampments of his troops, his eyes shut, his nose and cheeks red, his head hanging on his breast, and, from the motion of his horse, helplessly rolling from side to side. Most observers would have concluded that he was oblivious from drink. Many witnesses declared that in their judgment he was drunk.

On July 21, he fought the first battle of Bull Run. This battle was carefully and admirably planned and, with one fatal exception, the plan was fully carried out. He ordered two brigades to cross Bull Run, a little above Sudley Spring, to his extreme right, at six or seven o'clock in the morning. But the difficulties were greater than had been anticipated, and these brigades did not reach the ford till half-past nine. The stream, however, was then crossed and, at half-past ten, the battle began. Up to three o'clock in the afternoon the Federal troops, though raw recruits, had steadily driven back the enemy's left, and complete victory seemed almost within their grasp. At this critical moment the army of General Johnston arrived from the Shenandoah valley to reinforce the hard-pressed Confederates. Had the battle begun on the

extreme right, two or three hours earlier, according to McDowell's plan, the victory would have been secured long before Johnston came. But as it was, this reinforcement of the enemy decided the day. The Federal army, made up of inexperienced militia, was thrown into confusion and gave way. It was now impossible to rally these weary, panic-stricken soldiers, although the flight and confusion were by no means as disgraceful as they were at that time represented to be. A large part of the army halted and reformed at Centerville. The Confederate general, Johnston, declared that its "apparent firmness checked our pursuit."

The defeat, however, was very disheartening to the people of the North. The air was full of criticisms, some of them bitter and foolish. The battle, it was said, had been unwisely planned; the army had been unskillfully led. Very many, now that the battle was over, thought that they could have fought it better. Every cause for the reverse, except the true one, was magnified. Rumors were rife that the disaster was due to the inebriety of the commanding general, and soon after he was court-martialed at Washington for drunkenness. The military court sat for several days. A volume of circumstantial evidence was taken. Witnesses testified that they saw the accused in a state of inebriety, riding from one camp to another. His face, they affirmed, was as red as a toper's. He could not even hold up his head, but it drooped on his bosom, and, as his horse jogged along, it swayed first to the right and then to the left. Was proof of intoxication ever clearer?

What could be said in rebuttal of such apparently conclusive testimony? Why, just this. If he drank he must have gotten his intoxicating beverages of

somebody, but no one could be found who ever sold him any liquor, nor could any witness testify that he ever saw him drink. How strange! Had he then been so secretive that he could not be detected in the practice of this vice? No, he was always open-minded and frank. The explanation of the apparent mystery, however, was easy and was convincing to the court.

The general had been for years in military service, first in Mexico, and subsequently on the plains, where he was engaged in warfare with the Indians. In all this extended service he had been compelled to ride much on horseback. When weary, he had learned to sleep in his saddle. Before the battle of Bull Run it became his duty to organize an army of volunteer militia. It was an enormous task. But the nation was in haste; the impatient cry was, "On to Richmond." So he often passed the entire night without sleep, hard at work over his papers and maps in his tent. When on the following day duty called him to visit some encampment ten or fifteen miles distant, getting his horse fairly started on the road, he seized the opportunity for a refreshing nap. It was hot weather in Virginia in June and July, and his skin always burned when exposed to the sun. His nose became red as a beet, but the scorching rays of a Southern sun had made it so, not Bourbon whiskey. The military court heard all the evidence pro and con, and acquitted him. There are usually at least two ways of explaining the same thing. Circumstantial evidence may seem to prove a case when it does not.

In the summer of 1878, at an afternoon tea, in San Francisco, it was my privilege to meet General McDowell. There was then an uprising of Indians in Oregon, and it was his duty to suppress it. He was

full of righteous indignation. He thought that the disturbance had been provoked by the inconsiderate action of the government. These Indians, a few months before, had been removed by force from the fertile lands which they had long occupied, and where they had buried their dead, to a reservation which was utterly barren; he said he doubted if it could be made to produce enough to sustain a single family; he thought a chipping-bird would die of starvation there. A few unarmed, famishing Indians had visited their old home that they might dig camas roots to keep themselves from perishing, and a white settler, seeing one of them, shot him. He said: "This white man thought that a starving Indian had no right to eat those roots, since he wanted them for his hogs. Now the Indians, stirred up by this cold-blooded murder, are on the war-path. I must subdue them; but it grieves me to be compelled to do it. If I had my way I would detribalize all the Indians, give them land for farms and homes, and then meet out equal justice to both Indians and white men."

These utterances greatly interested me; but while we talked, tea and coffee were served, and the general refused both. Wine was brought, but he would take none, and asked for a glass of water. Cigars were passed, but he would not smoke. I now said to him: "General, you surprise me. You belong to the army, yet have refused tea, coffee, wine and cigars. I thought officers of the army generally smoked." He replied: "An army-officer is just as good as anybody else; I have never in my life tasted tea, or coffee, or any kind of intoxicating liquor, or tobacco." Referring to the fact that the wild ass eagerly drinks from the cold streams of the mountains, he said, "As to drink, my taste is

that of the wild ass." He then gave me an account of his trial by court-martial for drunkenness, and said: "If you should read the evidence, you might think that I was guilty."

This is a marvelous incident. A man who never so much as tasted any kind of intoxicating liquor in all his life, was court-martialed for drunkenness, and the circumstantial evidence seemed to establish his guilt quite conclusively. However important such evidence may be, we must be suspicious of any conclusion to which it may lead us, when there is no direct evidence to substantiate it. Suspicious circumstances may be explained in a variety of ways, and sound, practical morality requires us always to put the best construction on the acts of our fellow men.

CHAPTER XV.

FLOWERS IN DESERT PLACES.

IN the winter of 1858-9, the Second Baptist church of St. Louis established a mission in a part of the city which, up to that time, had been almost wholly destitute of evangelical influences. The houses of this entire district were now visited by Christian workers, and a flourishing Sunday-school, with prayer-meetings and preaching services, was the result. Many who had long been strangers to religious meetings were gathered in, and not a few were converted and baptized.

Around two of the children of this mission more than usual interest gathers. One of them was a little boy whose heart had been touched and transformed by the grace of God. His father was a drunkard, and his home was one of extreme poverty and wretchedness. The unpainted, weather-stained wooden house in which he lived, stood a few feet from a dusty road, in the western part of the city. In front of it was a tumble-down picket fence. The small gate before the door was off its hinges. Hats and cast-off clothing served here and there for window-panes. The interior of the house was in harmony with the exterior. In the room which served for washroom, kitchen and sitting-room there were a rickety cooking-stove, three or four dilapidated chairs, an old bureau, and in two small adjacent rooms two colored bedsteads with ticks of straw.

The family consisted of the blear-eyed, trembling

drunkard, called husband and father, the wretched wife and mother, out of whose eyes hope seemed to have faded forever, and the little boy. Many Christian people had tried in vain to lead the father to permanent reform; but when at the mission the heart of his child had been created anew by the Spirit, a light kindled by God began in a wonderful way to shine in that dark and cheerless home.

The little boy gave verbal expression to his new spiritual life by singing the sacred songs which he learned at Sunday-school. This was the voice of God to the dissolute father. He listened, his heart broke, and the tears, which he was unable to restrain, trickled down his bloated cheeks. Feeling now that he must have counsel, he sent for me. When I entered his desolate home, he, sobbing, told me this touching story: "My little boy," he said, "came from the mission yesterday so happy, while I was so miserable. He sat down on a stick of wood behind that old stove, and sang:

" 'There is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day!'

"Scenes of happy, by-gone days came back to me; I saw how vile I was; I could endure it no longer, and my heart broke. Now I want to take the temperance pledge."

I told him that I had no pledge with me, but could write one, if he would bring me pen, ink and paper. He looked through an old cupboard, built into the wall of the room, but could find no paper, only a rusty old pen and a little half-dried ink in a dusty ink-bottle.

"Well," I said, "have you a Bible?" "Yes," he replied, and brought it to me. "Now," said I, "I will write the pledge on the fly-leaf of your Bible, so that every day when you read the Scriptures, you can read your pledge." So I wrote: "I solemnly promise in the presence of Almighty God and of these witnesses, that from this day henceforth, I will never use as a beverage any malt or spirituous liquors of any kind whatsoever." He took the old pen and with trembling hand signed his name. Then he rose from his chair, turned towards his wife and said with deep emotion: "Oh, Annie! this is for you as well as for me! You have suffered so much from me!" Then throwing his arms around her neck, he kissed her and wept aloud.

The little boy, artlessly singing his glad Sunday-school song, had broken the chain which bound his father to the intoxicating cup. So long as I knew him he remained true to his pledge. In the house where poverty had reigned, there was not only peace, but plenty.

The other child of whom I write was a little girl. Her parents who were very poor, presented themselves at the mission house and asked for charity. It was generously bestowed. But they came back week after week with the same tale of woe. This led to a more careful investigation. We then found that the whole family, with the exception of the little girl, were secretly drunkards. Most of the money which we had given them had been used in purchasing intoxicating drink. But there was one beautiful, fragrant flower in that moral desert, the little daughter. Her heart the Lord had opened to receive the gospel. By birth she belonged to that depraved household, but was personally pure. As the pond-lily grows up amid the ooze and

yet is not of it, so she grew up in a dissolute family, and yet was not of it. They were of the world, she was not of the world. They walked in darkness, she in the light.

She at last was very sick; yet while she lay on a tick of straw in a wretched hovel, the very peace of God filled her soul. By the bed stood an old lamp-stand. On it was a fresh bouquet of flowers, brought to the dying girl by the little children who had been her companions at the mission. It was a bright, beautiful Sunday morning. The pale face of the dying child was turned towards the flowers. She said in a soft, cheerful voice to a Christian friend who stood by her: "Take away the flowers so that I can see the angels. Don't you hear them sing?"

A moment passed and she had ceased to breathe. Did she not see the shining host, more beautiful than the flowers? Did she not catch the strains of their seraphic songs? Were not her last words in accord with Christ's who, speaking of the little ones who believed in him, said, "Their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven?"

Such incidents make the true preacher feel as Dr. Parmelee felt, who for years was a Presbyterian missionary in Northern New York. In a sermon before the Synod of Albany, he said: "Brethren, I have for fifty-one years preached the gospel of Christ, in the midst of some hardships and many comforts, and though I may truly say that I do not fear death, but look upon it with great calmness, yet if it should please God to renew my term of office, I would joyfully accept a commission to preach the gospel clear up to the day of judgment."

CHAPTER XVI.

SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.

MANY theologians now reject the distinction between general and special providence. All providence, say they, if providence at all, must be the personal oversight of God. This is doubtless true, but there are times when the control of God is much more manifest to us than at others. All who receive the truth taught in the New Testament, rejoice in the glorious fact there revealed, that God clothes the grass of the field, paints the lily, guides the falling sparrow, and much more cares for man made in his own image. But, if our spiritual vision is clear, we see his hand not only in the external world, but also often most notably in the direction given to human thought, and the impulses imparted to the human heart.

Years ago, while pastor of a church, I carefully prepared a discourse, for the evening service, on the story of Ananias and Sapphira. Sunday afternoon the heavens were covered with clouds, the chilly east wind crept through the streets of the city, and as the day began to darken, a cold, drizzling rain came pattering down. An hour before service, I began, according to my custom, to go mentally through my sermon, that I might be sure that every thought was fully within my intellectual grasp; but, to my dismay, I found it impossible to recall in any logical order, what with great labor I had wrought

out during the preceding week. Every attempt which I made ended in mental confusion and darkness. With consternation I looked forward to the moment, near at hand, when the church-bell should strike and summon the evening worshipers. "What shall I do, what can I do?" cried I in the solitude of my study. On the eve of service, and no sermon! I fell on my knees and prayed in agony of spirit. My fear and agitation fled. Calm trust and ineffable peace pervaded my soul. Into my mind flashed this text: "For if there had been a law given which could have given life, verily righteousness should have been by the law." The subject, the proposition, the divisions of the discourse in a twinkling were before my mental gaze. The church-bell pealed out its last musical call to service, and conscious that I had a message from God, I entered the pulpit with firm, undaunted step.

Was this the manifest providence of God? Let us see. Full two miles from the church, on that cloudy, rainy, cheerless Sunday afternoon, there sat a business man alone in his house. The political paper, which he had been mechanically holding before his face had no interest for him, and at last it fell upon the floor. He looked out of his window on the dreary, deserted street. The scene seemed to be consonant with the gloom and hopelessness of his soul. The evening was near. He stepped into the hall, put on his overcoat, took his umbrella, and walked out into the storm and the thickening darkness. The wind seemed to cool and soothe his agitated nerves. He went on without any purpose. There was no place to which he was intentionally going, it was only agreeable to saunter along one street after another in the drizzling rain. Just as the church-bell, which I had at first so much dreaded, rang out its last note, he was near by, and

the thought came to him, he knew not why or how, that he would go into the church and hear what the preacher had to say. He did so.

The next day a messenger boy delivered me a note. It was from a merchant whose place of business was a mile away. He wished to see me as soon as it was convenient. Without delay I called upon him. He told me how, without any clear purpose, he had found his way the night before into my church. He said my sermon must have been made especially for him. Every word just fitted his case. By it he had been deeply convicted of sin. He wished me to guide him in this supreme crisis of his soul. An earnest struggle with the forces of evil, lasting several days, ensued, and then there was victory, light and peace. He had received from Christ that divine life which the law could not give. He has proved to be a faithful follower of Him who found him in bondage and gave him liberty. This was one of the fruits of the God-given sermon.

But there was still another, no less remarkable. On that same stormy Sunday night, there sat in the congregation a gray-haired, well-dressed gentleman. He was a familiar figure. He was almost invariably present at the evening service. He had listened to thousands of sermons with apparent interest, but was still unsaved. On this occasion, however, when the congregation had left, he sent me word that he wished to see me at his home, which was near the church. When I entered his room, he said I must have made the sermon for him. He was in distress on account of his spiritual condition, but he now gave himself to Christ at the eleventh hour. That very week he was taken sick. He was soon dangerously ill. On the following Sunday night he sent for me again. I found him greatly

troubled in spirit. I asked him if he did not have the assurance that God had forgiven his sins. He said that he had, but, covering his face with his handkerchief, he cried aloud: "I am so sick that I can never make a public profession of my faith in baptism." But the merciful Lord who had forgiven this aged sinner, calmed his agitated spirit, and filled his soul with peace. A few days afterward, sitting in his armchair, he died in faith and hope. How strange that he should have heard so many sermons, and have been saved by the last one to which he ever listened!

When these things had transpired, then it was made plain why on that stormy night, to that small audience, the Lord did not permit me to preach the sermon which I had so carefully prepared, on Ananias and Sapphira. The Lord doubtless leads every prayerful trusting minister in selecting his subjects and texts for sermons, but at times, as we have already suggested, his guidance is unusually manifest.

CHAPTER XVII.

GRACE VERSUS WINE.

IN the winter of 1860-61 I devoted an hour to personal religious conversation with those that desired it, immediately after the Sunday morning service, in order that any one awakened by the sermon, or by any other instrumentality, might receive such special direction as the soul burdened by sin so imperatively demands. One day a man over fifty years of age presented himself as an inquirer. He had a diseased limb, and walked feebly with a cane. He said that he had been in the congregation for several years, but was still without God and without hope. Pungent conviction for sin now filled his soul with anguish. Agitated and trembling, he unfolded a portion of his personal history, said that he had sinned against the clearest light, and had struggled onward in his career of transgression in spite of the prayers and entreaties of Christian friends. He feared that there was no hope for him, because he had contracted a burning thirst for wine.

He had charge of the third story of a wholesale drug store, where he directed a score of boys in the work of bottling medicines. As he was a trusty servant, the wine-room of the establishment was also put under his care, and the proprietor gave him liberty to drink as much as he desired of the oldest and richest products of the grape. In this liberty he found at last the most terrible bondage. As the spider winds his at-

tenuated thread again and again around the unsuspecting fly, till it buzzes helplessly in the silken toils, so the tempter, through the delicious taste of wine, before his victim was conscious of the fact, had bound him fast. He now knew that there was no power in his own arm to snap his bonds asunder, and as yet he saw no deliverer from without. He was on the giddy verge of destruction, and almost in despair of being saved from the irretrievable plunge into it.

It was my glorious privilege to present to him One who is stronger than the strong man armed, and to attempt to inspire him with the hope that Christ could subdue the raging appetite for that which was already biting like a serpent and stinging like an adder. When these words of cheer had been spoken, which through the influence of the Spirit, seemed to lift the cloud, in a measure, from his soul, we prayed and parted.

The next day I found his place of business. It was also his home. A room scantily furnished, which looked out on Main Street, contained all his earthly possessions. He was a bachelor. A sister living in the city occasionally visited him, that she might administer to his wants. There was an air of comfort about his lonely abode, and an evidence that he loved the beautiful. Some engravings hung on the walls, and delicate flowers bloomed in the windows. But the wine-room, which had well-nigh become his destroyer, was only a few steps from his door. Both day and night his tempter crouched at his threshold. When wine was called for by buyers, he was compelled to draw it from the casks. His situation could scarcely have been more unfavorable. What direction ought I now to give him? Should I tell him to quit the drug-store and abandon his business? As the wine was sold only for

medicinal and communion purposes, in vending it there was no infraction of moral law. And if he should seek some other place of business in St. Louis, where would he be freer from temptation to drink? In view of all these facts, I decided to leave the question of his place of business undisturbed. So the great question now was, Shall grace or wine have the victory? He had steadily maintained his purpose since he bowed in prayer the day before, and some faint rays of hope seemed to be irradiating the darkness of his soul. Day after day, with the eye of his tempter on him, he remained firm, and each day of victory brought him increasing light and strength, until he possessed that "peace of God which passes all understanding."

His joy, however, once vanished, and I found him gloomy and sad.

"What is the difficulty?" I asked.

"O," said he, "I thought there was only one lion in the way (referring to his appetite for wine), but, as soon as that one was slain, a dozen more appeared."

But Jesus, who had slain the one, soon slew for him all the rest, and brought him out into still greater light and joy.

Six months after his conversion he was baptized into Christ. He spent his entire Christian life in sight of his enemy, the wine-room; day after day he walked to and fro before its open door; day after day he dealt out the wine to customers, making the demonstration perfect, that in his case divine grace was mightier than the tyrant wine. He was always ready to talk about Jesus and his wonderful redemption. There was ever with him an abiding and positive conviction of personal sinfulness and weakness, and a constant, childlike trust in Christ, his righteousness and strength. Whenever we met in his room, and our words of greeting were

over, he would say, "You will pray with me before you leave?" seeming to fear that our conversation might rob us of this communion with Jesus if he did not settle it beforehand that we were to pray together. If there are foretastes of heaven on earth, we had them in that upper room of the drug-store. As Jacob, wet with the dew, could rise from his bed of earth and pillow of stone and call the place Bethel, because God revealed Himself there; so that humble room made one more Bethel on earth, for God, the Spirit, dwelt there, and rendered the unadorned apartment more attractive to the Christian heart than the most gorgeous palace.

A little more than five years after the subject of this sketch was converted he died. On his death-bed he had but one fear, and that was that he might be impatient under the manifold physical sufferings which put an end to his earthly life. But patience had in him its perfect work, and calmly and peacefully he entered the better land, where there is no sin and no suffering.

Does not this simple story suggest some such questions as these? Is not the gospel the mightiest and best antidote for intemperance? Does not the renewal of the heart, through grace, most speedily and certainly subdue an overmastering appetite for strong drink? While we sustain the temperance reformer, because he does some good, ought we not to rely chiefly on the transforming Spirit to save men from a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's hell? Do not most real reforms spring from transformations? When intemperance shall finally be subdued will it not be through the gospel? When we spend our strength, that ought to be used in preaching Christ, in promoting reforms, do we not virtually deny the power of the gospel and, for the time being, turn our backs on that which alone can transform and save men?

CHAPTER XVIII.

SHOUTING AND SALVATION.

IN the Civil War I met in a hospital at St. Louis a peculiar and specially instructive experience. A soldier who had contracted a violent cold was sent there for treatment. While his character was in no way distinctively bad, he felt himself to be a great sinner. It was my joy to tell him of God's love, even for the worst of sinners, revealed to us in Jesus Christ. He listened eagerly. It was the message that he needed. He trusted in Christ as his personal Redeemer, and felt that for Christ's sake God had forgiven his sins. When I left him he was full of peace and joy.

The next day, being unable to visit the hospital, I sent instead a returned missionary, who was for a few days stopping at my house, bidding him to say, without fail, some helpful word to the new and joyful believer. Returning in the evening he reported him to be in great sorrow, the cause of which he could not discover. Wondering what could have befallen him, on the next day at the earliest hour I could command, I found my way to his bedside and, sure enough, he was in deepest gloom. He responded to my greeting with sighs and tears. I said to him, "Do tell me what is the matter?" On account of his severe cold he could not speak aloud. I brought my ear to his lips and heard the whispered words, "I can't shout."

In a flash I understood his difficulty. Some years

before I met near his home in Michigan a band of Christians, who declared that if a professed believer did not shout for joy, he had no sufficient evidence that he was truly converted. My soldier friend, who, for a little while was so full of exultant gladness, called to mind this pernicious teaching, and by it, on account of his temporary inability to speak aloud, was plunged into despair. Anxious to lift him out of his distress, I asked, "Does the New Testament say that you can't be saved unless you shout?" He whispered, "I can't read and don't know." I had not suspected that he was illiterate, not having before met a Union soldier that could not read and write. So now I instructed my sad friend more perfectly. While he listened the clouds broke, the light streamed into his soul and he was happy once more. Though voiceless, as I bade him good day, his face was radiant with joy. Walking along the street towards my home, this strange, almost comical, incident suggested its important lesson; it does make a vast difference what a man believes even though he be absolutely sincere.

CHAPTER XIX.

ENLIGHTENED BY SUMTER'S FALL.

NEAR the center of the State of Missouri, before the Civil War, there lived a man in whose family was an only son. The plantation on which they resided was very large. In due time the son married and set up a household for himself. The plantation was then about equally divided between him and his father. The son's house was nearly two miles from the old homestead. Both plantations were worked by slaves. On each there were between twenty and thirty black chattels.

Fort Sumter, after having been for many hours bombarded, surrendered on April 14, 1861. The next morning the son rode on horseback over to his old home. His father came out to greet him, when the following conversation took place. The son said, "Father, have you heard the news?" "Yes," he replied, "Fort Sumter has fallen." After a moment's silence the son asked, "What are you going to do now?" "Why, nothing," answered the father, "that I know of. What should I do?" His son replied, "I have made up my mind as to what I shall do. In my judgment, the bombardment and surrender of Fort Sumter means the emancipation of all the slaves in the United States, and I intend to free my slaves now, and I thought that you might join me in this." The father, astounded and enraged, cried out angrily: "Are you crazy? Have you

lost your senses? Are you a fool?" and he poured forth his spleen so excitedly and copiously, that his son, thinking discretion to be the better part of valor, mounted his horse and rode rapidly back to his own house.

He at once called his slaves together and told them all about what had taken place in South Carolina, and said to them: "All the slaves in the United States will soon be free, and I give you all your freedom now. But I must carry on this plantation, and if you will work for me, I will pay you well for your labor." They listened with great glee to what he told them, and all of them were glad to work for him, for the wages that he offered them. A few months later, as the war developed, every slave ran away from his father's plantation, while all his hired servants were contentedly cultivating his broad, rich acres.

Vinet says that "Some men are enlightened by hell." This young man was certainly enlightened by war, and a great authority says that war is hell. Beauregard's belching guns at Charleston Harbor drove the mist from some minds, and let in the light. A little while after, this young slaveholder, whose mind had been illuminated by the fall of Sumter and who, with such rare sagacity, had freed his slaves, read in the *Missouri Republican* a sermon of mine on loyalty to good government, and coming to St. Louis, called upon me, and told me his captivating story. Together we talked and strengthened each other in loyalty and in God. He was a Sunday-school superintendent and I had the pleasure more than once of helping him secure books and papers for his school. What denomination of Christians he belonged to I never asked. It never occurred to me to ask. He belonged to the Lord, that was

enough. God made him, and remade him by his Spirit. He was a manly man, pure grit.

Later in the war, when bushwhacking in Missouri had become fearfully rife, when many of the best men in the State were being shot down from behind trees and stone walls by the roadside, he wrote me, warmly inviting me to pay him a visit and enjoy the hospitality of his home; yet advising me not to come just then, since, he grimly added, "Cold clergyman is at present in great demand hereabouts." But true to his conscience, true to his fellow men, true to God, in spite of guerrillas and bushwhackers, he came out of the fiery turmoil of the war unscathed.

CHAPTER XX.

FANNING A WOUNDED REBEL.

DURING the war a large number of soldiers were constantly stationed in and around St. Louis. Many came up from their encampments every Sabbath to the loyal churches of the city. If any service occurred without the presence of the "boys in blue," we at once surmised that some special danger was imminent which required them all to be at their posts on the Lord's Day.

Early in 1864 a young lady, who devoted much of her time to works of benevolence in the hospitals and barracks, kindly invited a young man of the Seventh Regiment of Minnesota Volunteers to attend a church service with us. He gladly accepted her invitation, though he was not a Christian.

His birthplace was New Hampshire, and Minnesota was his adopted State. In infancy he was left an orphan, but had received Puritan training at the hands of his grandparents. He possessed a gentle, generous nature and was most courteous in his manners. He seemed to a stranger quite destitute of the sturdy stuff required to withstand the seductive influences of the camp. A more thorough acquaintance, however, dissipated this illusion. His strict religious education had forearmed him. He was as pliant, yet as firmly rooted, as the elm.

He appeared in our congregation just as I was beginning a course of sermons on the "Office and Work

of the Holy Spirit.” As we endeavored thus to honor the Third Person of the Trinity, he began to work mightily in some hearts. He used the truth concerning himself to renew the souls of several that listened, and among them was this youthful soldier. When he gave himself to Jesus there was no ecstatic joy manifest, but peace flowed into his soul as silently and as sweetly as the morning light. And now as he had volunteered for Christ’s army, he was duly mustered in, taking his oath in the sacrament of baptism that he would henceforth fight for Jesus and against the devil. His spiritual enrollment having been completed, he was summoned to leave his city encampment and go forth to the toilsome march and the bloody battle; but he went now to do double service—to strike both for Christ and his country. Dangers thickened around him, but he was unmoved. He wrote to his friends: “Although I have enjoyed life and society hitherto, I had never known what true happiness was—such a fulness of joy and peace from the Holy Spirit pervades my soul. I thank you for your prayers on my behalf, and hope. if we meet no more here on earth, that I shall meet you all in heaven.”

His regiment was ordered down the Mississippi in pursuit of Forrest. On the 14th of July a fierce battle was fought and Andrew C. Colby fell, with his face to the foe, both lungs having been pierced by a ball. When his wounds were dressed, the surgeon said that he could not live through the night. He took an affectionate leave of his comrades, assuring them that he was ready to die if it were God’s will.

Their wounded enemies were also tenderly cared for in the same hospital, and one of them lay beside young Colby. Great was the joy of his fellow officers when

they found him the next morning not only alive, but grasping in his enfeebled hand a palm-leaf, with which he was fanning the wounded rebel, who had been placed by his side. How clear and beautiful was this evidence of his regeneration! He had caught the spirit of his Lord, who prayed for his executioners, as they nailed Him to the cross, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

His remaining history is sad. Our forces were compelled to retreat to Memphis and leave those most severely wounded in the hands of their foes. Those that out of pity and prudence our men refused to remove, trusting that their enemies would show like compassion, were heartlessly put on board the cars and carried to Mobile. The wounds of our forgiving hero, contrary to the expectation of the surgeon, had begun to heal, but the jolting cars caused them to bleed afresh. He died four days after he reached his destination. Now the New Hampshire boy and Minnesota soldier sleeps on the shore of the Gulf of Mexico. A board, bearing his name, the name of his regiment, the number of his company, and designating his place of residence, marks his humble grave. His conflicts are past, and while he shares the triumphs of the redeemed, may we not learn from his short Christian life how to forgive and love?

CHAPTER XXI.

SUFFERING BY THE MINUTE.

THE sufferer was a young man, not more than thirty years old. He was quiet, thoughtful, and a genuine Christian. For several years he had honored his profession of faith by a cheerful and constant devotion to religious duties. Since he found in the Scriptures food for his soul, he read them with delight. He prayed in secret, engaged in public worship, taught in the Sunday-school, gave ungrudgingly what little he had to give for benevolent purposes, strove to be gentle and charitable, and in this was at least fairly successful. But all this was done without noise and ostentation, so that he attracted no special attention. His Christian life ran on so smoothly that those around him were quite unconscious of the deep impression for good that he was making upon them. It was like the placid stream winding through the meadows, scarcely observed, because noiseless, touching with its vivifying waters the hidden roots, causing them to send up into the sunlight blade and leaf, bud and blossom and fruit.

This unassuming Christian was at last put to the severest test. He was attacked by acute rheumatism. It laid its grim grip on every joint of his body. Every movement of his hand or foot tortured him. The bed-clothes which warmed him, by their weight gave him intolerable pain. And now this quiet young man proved himself to be a Christian hero. He was unmar-

ried, and had no near relatives to care for him. He suffered in comparative loneliness. Trained nurses were at his bedside, but no loving hand of mother or wife soothed him in his agonies. To be burned at the stake requires far less heroism than to be racked with excruciating pain day and night, week in and week out. But this lonely sufferer trusted in Christ and was strengthened and cheered by his constant presence. The promise, "Lo, I am with you, alway," was graciously fulfilled to him. He never once repined at his lot; he uttered no word of complaint.

When I was visiting him one afternoon he said to me: "Early this morning, I thought that I could not possibly endure these piercing pains another day. But soon I saw that I had taken up into my thought an entire day at once, that I was thinking of the whole of the physical agony that might be crowded into the next twenty-four hours. The suggestion came that I lived and suffered by the minute; that, the Lord being my helper, I could endure without murmuring my present pain for a minute; that minute having passed, I thought that it was quite possible for me to endure the anguish of another; and then of another. And now I am triumphing each minute, and hereafter I propose to live by the minute, so long as life may last."

In his heart was the peace of God; in his voice the accent of victory, although his nerves still quivered with pain. So for a few days, minute by minute, the dread battle went on. Sixty victories gladdened and glorified every hour. At last the hero having drunk the cup of suffering to its very dregs, in peace passed on into the better country, where there is no sickness nor pain. We were then sure that he knew by blessed experience that "our light affliction, which is for the

moment, worketh for us more and more exceedingly an eternal weight of glory.”

Our brief story teaches two important lessons. The first is this: Our power to endure severe and protracted suffering depends largely on our mental attitude towards it. If we look at expected distress in the gross, we are apt to exaggerate it, so that before it touches us, we are overwhelmed by its imagined greatness. But, however great anticipated suffering may prove to be, we shall experience only a small part of it at any one moment. When we divide the coming time into minutes, and in thought assign the suffering in limited quantities to these very brief periods of duration, it loses much of its formidableness. By mentally dividing it we have largely gained the mastery over it.

This is just as true of our labors as of our sufferings. Vast enterprises, like that of evangelizing our great cities, or that of giving the gospel to the whole human race, fraught with untold difficulties, confront us. If in imagination we mass these difficulties, we may lose heart and fail; but if we meet them as they come, one by one, minute by minute, we shall through God triumph over them all.

The second lesson taught by our story is that God never grants us his grace and strength until we need them. Our patient sufferer found grace sufficient for each minute, and that is all God promises any of us. He does not give us grace to-day for to-morrow; nor grace this hour for the next; nor grace this minute for the moment to come; but always and only for the present minute. What a transformation it would make in the life of many a sufferer and many a laborer for Christ, if he could learn the art of living by the minute!

CHAPTER XXII.

A CHILD CONVERTED BY SCRIPTURE.

YEARS ago, while pastor in an Eastern city, I became deeply interested in the younger children of my congregation. That I might get nearer to them, and if possible kindle in their minds an intelligent interest in the saving truths of the gospel, I invited them to meet me every Saturday forenoon in my study. They were not told that it was their duty to accept my invitation, nor were they specially urged to do so. They were made to understand that it would greatly please me if they should come. On pleasant days, when everything without invited to innocent, joyful play, only eight or ten would come; if, however, the sky were overcast, and the outer world had lost its brightness and charm, twenty or thirty would be present.

I could not entertain this company of young and happy children with a service of song; my musical talent was not great, and my musical training, if possible, was even less. Sometimes, to be sure, I sang to my own amazement, and undoubtedly to the amazement of others. Singing, therefore, except now and then a familiar hymn, was not attempted.

After singing, such as it was, a short prayer was offered. Then the Sunday-school lesson for the next day was read, and in clear, simple words, explained. From the start, the children, the youngest about five and the oldest not more than twelve, were greatly in-

terested. Every eye was upon me, and every ear attentive, as the thought of the passage in hand was unfolded. In these expositions I did not resort to storytelling to dilute the truth and make it attractive, but presented it in popular language, and, when necessary, illustrated it by objects familiar to all.

I now learned that even young children from Christian households have about as clear notions of the great, fundamental truths of the gospel as adults. To be sure they do not know the fierce controversies which have raged around these truths down through the past centuries of Christianity, but the truths themselves they apprehend as fully and as justly as those more advanced in years. A child understands a fixed star almost as well as the gray-haired astronomer; and the central doctrines of the gospel, such as sin, regeneration, atonement, the God-man, are the fixed stars of the religious heavens. We know what has been said about them, but the maturest and wisest know these doctrines themselves but little if any better than children.

My exposition of the Sunday-school lesson was followed by a short prayer and conference meeting. I then talked familiarly to the children, telling them what God in Christ had done for them; that he loved each one of them, and wanted to save them, and that he would save them now if they would only trust in him. These simple, saving truths, I often repeated in different forms, and illustrated in various ways. Then I invited them to speak or pray, but told them not to think that they must do so, still if they wanted to say a few words or offer a short prayer, it would give me great joy to hear them. A few at every meeting, and most of them at some of the meetings, would take part,

and always quite intelligently. Several of them were converted and united with the church, and it was delightful to note by what they said in these meetings their manifest growth in knowledge and in grace.

When the time of prayer and conference had passed, they wished me to read and explain to them some portion of Scripture selected by themselves. But since each one usually had chosen a chapter of the Bible for this purpose, it was impossible to satisfy them all. So we agreed that at a given signal the one that raised the hand first should have his or her chapter read. It is worthy of note that they selected for exposition the profoundest parts of the Bible.

On one occasion a little girl, about nine years old, lifted up her hand first, and chose the fifteenth chapter of John. When I began to read, "I am the true vine," great interest was at once manifested by all the children. Their hearts were touched. Tears started in the eyes of some of them. The Spirit evidently had led the little girl in the selection of that chapter, and he was present to honor and bless his own word. She was converted then and there through the Scripture which had so deeply interested her. With a glad heart, she went home and told her father and mother the story of her conversion, and they being lovers of Christ, there was great joy in that house.

The little girl had an uncle who was very fond of her. He, too, was a Christian and a Bible-class teacher. Each Sunday afternoon, after meeting his class, he was in the habit of calling at the home of his little niece. What real, but mysterious cord is there, which so binds kindred souls together, that the one impresses the other, even when they are in different and widely-separated places? Let the philosophers puzzle over that. Suffice

it to say the uncle knew nothing of the change wrought in the heart of his niece, but on Saturday night he dreamed that she was converted, that he went as usual from his Bible-class to her home, that she, instead of the servant, opened the door and told him the good news.

Sunday came. At the usual hour he taught his class. He then went, according to his custom to the home of his niece. He rang the bell. She, watching for his coming, opened the door and said, "Uncle Phil, come in." "O," he replied, "I had a dream about you last night." "What was it?" she asked. He said: "I dreamed that you were converted, and that when I came here after my Bible-class you opened the door, bade me come in, and then told me all about it. A part of my dream has come true, for you have opened the door and let me in." "Yes," she said, grasping her uncle by the hand, and leading him into the parlor, "and the rest of it is true, too." Then she told him of the meeting on Saturday, of the reading of her chapter, and of her new life. Getting the Bible, she asked Uncle Phil to read the same Scripture. There she sat by his side, leaning on his arm, looking up into his face, while he, filled with joy at what had taken place in that young life, read the chapter, commenting on its great truths as he read. When he had finished she asked him to read the next chapter, the sixteenth of John. He did so, and then, at her request, read the seventeenth. These profound Scriptures which have never been fully fathomed by the keenest intellects, through the Spirit had not only transformed the heart of this child, but were now delighting and nourishing this babe in Christ. O matchless Teacher, whose simple words present truths which the mightiest minds cannot

wholly comprehend, yet in which a child finds light and salvation, hope and joy!

In due time this little girl came with those who loved her to the assembled church, and told, in artless language, the suggestive story of the beginning of her new life. She was baptized into him who said: "I am the vine, ye are the branches. He that abideth in me and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit." She grew up to womanhood. The fruits of the Spirit appeared in her life and character. The years which have passed since that memorable meeting in her pastor's study have abundantly proved that she is a true branch of the true vine.

CHAPTER XXIII.

PREACHING BEFORE PRAYER.

ON a dark, chilly night in St. Louis a freemason, quite bereft of his senses by strong drink, staggered and fell into a gutter at the side of the street, where in the morning he was found dead. By his worse than beastly conduct, I was told, that he had forfeited his standing in his order and all claims upon its benevolence; but as he had been quite widely known as a Mason, and had neither family nor more distant relatives to care for him, his Masonic brethren decided to give him at least decent burial. They consigned his body to an undertaker who prepared it for the grave.

With two or three carriages and a hearse they came to convey the corpse of their dishonored brother to the cemetery, when one of them suggested that it would be a little more becoming if they should invite some clergyman just to offer a short prayer. To this all readily assented; and as I was the nearest Christian pastor, they hurriedly sent a messenger to me asking for this brief service. I at once responded to this sudden call, and a few minutes after at the undertaker's I stood in the midst of a company of men that looked as though they had seldom heard the gospel and were in perishing need of it. In a moment I decided to seize the opportunity of preaching to them the truth as it is revealed by and in Jesus Christ.

As I began to read some appropriate passages from

then quit his old life, was created anew in Christ Jesus, and had been a member of the church for more than two years.

Such an incident incites all who are called of God to preach the Gospel to proclaim it whenever and wherever they get the chance so to do, from the pulpit, in the street, in the market, in undertaker's establishments—to "sow beside all waters." "In the morning sow thy seed and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not which shall prosper, whether this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

CHAPTER XXIV.

LILIES AMONG THORNS.

IN a city of New England lived a drunkard and his family. His small wooden house was unpainted and fast going to decay. The little furniture which it contained was worn, faded and marred. His wife and three children were poorly fed and scantily clothed. Still, though often in his cups, he was a quiet man of very few words. When he was sober no one could doubt that he truly loved the wife of his youth and the children that had come to gladden their hearts and home, but the demon of drink so tyrannized him that to gratify his insatiable appetite he left them to suffer untold hardships. It is the same old story of drunkenness and its sad consequences, repeated millions of times in the history of our race.

His wife was a genuine Christian and bore her prolonged and bitter trials without complaint. She was always laboring and praying for the reformation and salvation of her husband and never seemed to lose heart or hope. She washed and scrubbed to keep the wolf from the door, to put bread into the mouths of her hungry children and clothing upon their backs. Her fortitude was both pathetic and heroic. This, alas! was not peculiar to her, there are multitudes of such brave, patient sufferers, who, though unknown to fame, are the very chief of heroines.

But in the providence of God there came to her a

sympathizer and helper. The divine interposition on her behalf was so strange and marked that no thoughtful onlooker could reasonably doubt it. Many years before in England, a beautiful and attractive girl, belonging to the nobility, fell in love with a young man beneath her in social rank. She wished and determined if possible to marry him. She frankly declared her passion to her family and urgently sought their consent to the longed-for alliance. Resolutely and with much bitterness they set themselves against it, not that they had aught against her lover, but to marry him would involve the loss of social caste. She was ready to make the sacrifice and persistently pressed her suit; they scornfully opposed her. But their hostile attitude instead of quenching inflamed her already ardent love. She married her lover against their will and was disinherited. Never again was she received under her father's roof, never again was she even recognized by any of her family. But for many years she lived a happy and useful life. To be sure, luxury such as she abandoned in order to marry was not hers, but she had a competence and that with love filled her heart with contentment. She was, however, called to pass through great sorrow; the children that for a time filled her home with sunshine died; and her heart would have been utterly desolate had she not been a true Christian; but abiding in Christ in spite of her bereavement, her soul was filled with the peace of God.

At last, her husband for whose love she abandoned her high social position died also. She was now left alone, childless, husbandless. However, even then she had no regrets for the marriage which she contracted. While her husband was not blessed with wealth, he had always been affectionate, manly, noble; and, at his

death, he left her a little property which she turned into money and wisely invested. Still, on the interest of this investment she could live only by the most rigid economy. She cast about as to what it was best for her to do. All that remained of her own household was a few graves. At the home of her girlhood no door, no heart opened to receive her. All sins except those against caste may be forgiven. So she turned her back on her loved England, and in utter loneliness found her way to New England.

Casting about for some place in which she could live, she drifted to the door of the shabby cottage of a drunkard. Just why she came to that spot rather than elsewhere, she could not tell. The drunkard's wife bade her come in. Sympathy between these two afflicted souls spontaneously sprang up. The wanderer wanted a home, the mistress of that forlorn cottage wanted a sympathetic friend and adviser. The stranger told how small her income was, but to that drunkard's wife it seemed large. A verbal contract was soon made, with the hearty consent of the husband, that the newcomer should permanently occupy the room which up to that time had been kept for guests, and now there were six instead of five in that house of poverty.

The lonely wanderer who had been so mysteriously led in a strange city to that humble home was already an old woman and feeble in body. She could do but little with her hands. Many days she was compelled through increasing weakness to lie upon her lounge; but she brought into that dilapidated cottage an air of refinement that it had not before known. She, clean and tidy in dress, did much to bring order out of confusion and so to arrange the little that the cottage contained as to make it more homelike and attractive. And

above all her Christian character was of a high order. She had been schooled in affliction, so that however disheartening the circumstances in which she was placed her soul abode in unruffled serenity. She was a patient, uncomplaining sufferer in a household of sufferers.

Whenever I visited her I saw that she dwelt on spiritual heights that I had never reached, and felt a mighty uplift toward a higher and diviner life. She fully believed that in the household of which she was now a part the Lord had given her a special work to do, to labor and pray for the salvation of the husband and father. She never for a moment doubted that he would be converted and saved. Her unwavering faith greatly cheered and strengthened the struggling wife and mother, while it was also profoundly impressing and influencing the wayward husband. But she was not permitted to see in this life the triumph of her faith. She steadily grew more feeble. It was evident to all that the time of her departure was near. But as bodily strength waned her spirit took on new vigor. With joy she talked of going to be with Christ. Just before she breathed her last she seemed to be in glory. In a drunkard's rickety cottage heaven and earth met, as Christ came to receive his own unto himself, that where he is she might also be

But her work had been effective. The heart of the inebriated husband and father had been reached. He began to turn away from his cups. Occasionally he was seen in church, but at first only in some back seat of the gallery, as though in shame for his past life he wished to hide himself from the eyes of even his best friends. At last through Christ in whom he had come to trust he gained the victory over himself and his

tyrannical appetite and confessed his faith "in the sight of many witnesses." The cottage in which the wife and mother and the suffering sojourner had breathed into God's ear and God's heart so many prayers for his conversion was now made vocal by his praise to the Redeemer—praise that came forth from his renewed heart, and was uttered by his cleansed lips. So the thorn became a lily, too.

CHAPTER XXV.

ON GRANITE.

ABOUT eighty-five years ago, more or less, in the backwoods of Kentucky, a young man was teaching school in a log schoolhouse. In the eyes of the people of that region he was something of a prodigy, since he taught not only reading, writing and arithmetic, but also English grammar. This gave him such prominence, that pupils came from the surrounding districts to receive his instruction.

He belonged to a family of poor whites. His father was not above the average of the neighborhood, but his mother in native ability and character was superior to her surroundings. If her lot had been cast among the educated and refined, she would have adorned her station. She was a devoted Christian and a Baptist. She was blessed with sons who inherited her talent and who, by her godly life, were deeply impressed with the truth of the gospel.

Her son William, when his school had closed, began to think of his life-work. Seeing that the most distinguished men of his state were in the legal profession, he determined to read law. He obtained a copy of Blackstone and began his study. He worked in the field during the day, and read his law-book at night. He was too poor to purchase either an oil lamp or a tallow candle, and read by the light of flaming pine-knots, which blazed in the great open fireplace, at the

end of the loghouse. He made commendable progress in the knowledge of law, and, after a few months of study was examined by the court and admitted to practice. He was the admiration of all the poor whites of his neighborhood, first a schoolmaster and then a lawyer, and both in so short a time!

Young McPherson now settled at Helena, Arkansas, and began the practice of law. This river-town offered but little to meet the social needs of an active, enterprising mind, and he was led by his associates to play cards for amusement, just pleasantly to while away the dull hours of the evening. Soon a passion for such games awoke within him. His skill in manipulating cards increased. He became a formidable antagonist, and soon began to play for money. By degrees he was drawn into the society of those gentlemanly gamblers who, at that time, infested the steamers of the Mississippi, and swarmed in all the towns along its banks. With them he played, he won, he lost. The professionals drew him on. He was no match for such players. He lost all that he had, which was not much, and found himself twenty thousand dollars in debt to them.

He went northward to St. Louis, a sadder, but a wiser man. Gambling he quit forever. The example and instruction of his godly mother came back to his mind with fresh power. He sought out the Baptist church, where, at that time, preached Dr. Isaac Taylor Hinton, of blessed memory. He had never before felt from the pulpit the touch of so strong an intellect. He was interested, profoundly impressed, converted, saved. He afterwards became a mighty man among the Baptists of St. Louis and Missouri, and was well known in national Baptist councils, both North and South.

After his conversion and baptism, he was confronted

with a question of conscience. Ought he to pay his \$20,000 debt to the gamblers? He carried the case to a deacon whom he highly esteemed, and was told that as gambling was immoral and unlawful, a man was under no moral obligation to pay such a debt. Still the young convert was in doubt, and he decided to follow the doubt and pay the debt. He said that a gambler would regard it as a debt of honor, and that a Christian ought at least to be as honorable as a gambler. He did not, however, have the money to pay so large a debt, and a long time must elapse before he could earn it by his law-practice. So he purchased a corner lot at Fourth and Olive streets, where he put up the first office building of St. Louis with a marble front. Out of this enterprise he made \$20,000 or more, the first large sum of money that ever came into his possession. He did not, however, hoard it, but sought out his creditors among the gamblers, and paid to the last cent his debt of honor.

Nor must I fail to note, that from the day of his conversion card-playing was to him a horror. He had a stalwart frame, his will was iron, yet I saw him, when, at an evening party, he caught sight of a company playing a game of whist, turn pale and tremble like a poplar leaf. He said to me: "I know nothing of the excitement of intoxicating liquor, but I know all about the excitement of cards, and since my conversion I cannot even see them without a shudder."

He was at last seized with that insidious, fatal malady, Bright's disease. A council of physicians declared his case hopeless. But the very next day, to the consternation of his friends, he chartered a car and went to Denver. For a few days he grew better, and walked the streets. It seemed for a time that his un-

bending will would conquer, but the tide of returning vigor soon began to ebb. He felt it, and, without a murmur, returned to his home to die.

After weeks of suffering his body became swollen and distorted, his intellect clouded, and he sank into insensibility, which continued many days. While he was in this condition, on a Friday evening, I reached St. Louis. On the following morning he awoke from his long unconscious stupor. Some one told him that his former pastor was in the city. To the amazement of his friends, he said that he should attend church the next day. They tenderly and firmly remonstrated, but that iron will would not yield. His wife urged, "You will die in church." His calm reply was. "I might die in a worse place."

Sunday morning the heavens were bright, and his intellect was still unclouded. By his direction, he was placed in an armchair and lifted into a covered wagon, in which he was driven two miles to church. Brethren, with their hearts swelling up into their throats, carried him in his armchair gently into the sanctuary where he had so long worshiped, and down the middle aisle, to the space just in front of the pulpit. The house was thronged, and at the sight of their sick and dying friend the heads of the congregation bowed as the ripened grain bends before the wind, and tears trickled freely down many a cheek. He at once beckoned me to his side. He wished simply to welcome me back to my old pulpit. After a short sermon, the pastor, Dr. Burlingham, administered the Lord's Supper. Our brother, conscious that he was so soon to leave this world, and looking forward to that into which he was so soon to enter, for the last time partook of the sacred elements with those whom he so tenderly loved.

After the last hymn had been sung, at his own request, two of his brethren held him up so that he might stand and greet one by one the older members of the church. No one ever looked upon a scene more touching than that. It was an anticipation of the blessed fellowship of God's people in the better country. Loving hands now lifted him again into his covered wagon, tearful adieus were said, and he was borne back to his home. He was not hurt by what he had so bravely done, but greatly refreshed. After a sweet, untroubled sleep during the night, he awoke again with his mind bright as the cloudless day.

In company with his pastor, I visited him about ten o'clock. As he received us, his face lighted up with joy. He spoke of the service of the preceding day; said it sounded like old times to hear me preach; asked concerning certain business men of the East; and then said that he had not, for many weeks, cherished any hope of recovery, but was content. "But," said I, "do you now consciously trust in Jesus Christ as your Saviour?" He replied: "You know that I am not a very perfect Christian. There is no lustre in me; but I feel that I stand on granite."

His last great business enterprise was the construction of the railroad bridge across the Mississippi, at St. Louis. He had seen those massive granite blocks laid, which form its piers, and they very naturally furnished him the strong metaphor by which he set forth the fact that Christ, the everlasting rock, was beneath his feet.

He now said: "My strength is about gone. Let the old pastor pray, and we will say good-bye." We poured out our hearts to God, and wishing each other the richest blessings, we parted. An hour later our

brother sank again into insensibility, from which, in this world, he never woke. A few days afterwards he breathed his last. It seems to me that he did not, like Bunyan's pilgrims, go through the river of death, but over it on granite.

CHAPTER XXVI.

. FOUR DRUNKARDS.

THE young men of an influential church, in a great city, went out Sunday evenings two by two to invite strangers into their house of worship. They did this work without respect of persons. Among those who responded to their solicitations were several drunkards, some of whom professed conversion. After carefully scrutinizing their experiences, the church, not without some hesitancy, received them into its fellowship. I wish briefly to state the subsequent career of four of them, and will begin with the one whose faith, if he ever had any, was utterly overborne by his inveterate appetite for strong drink.

He was a Canadian Scotchman, nearly six feet tall, strong, sturdy, athletic. His hair was brown with just a suggestion of sandiness. His eyes were a reddish hazel. He was a man of ability and above the average in force. For some years he had been a successful merchant in Montreal, but his prosperity had been blighted by his drinking vice. Resolving to conquer his remorseless foe, he removed to Brooklyn, and took the responsible position of head bookkeeper in a large mercantile house in New York. Still he drank, and especially on Sundays, when it would not directly interfere with his duties as bookkeeper. One Sunday evening, when half seas over, he was urged to enter the house of worship above referred to, and hear the gospel. He

did so, and was so deeply impressed that he ostensibly repented of his sins and soon after became a member of the church.

For some time he was a sober man. In his new life, his wife and children were made happy. He regularly attended the services of the church, and often took part in the prayer-meetings. But secretly he again began to drink. His telltale face was a glowing witness to his clandestine sin. He, however, for a time, resolutely kept up outward appearances. But at last his spells of drinking so interfered with his bookkeeping that the house which he served discharged him. The care of his family now fell upon his proud, plucky wife, and she proved to be equal to the emergency.

But when the husband and father was in his cups he was brutal and cruel. Wife and children often hid themselves from his fierce, unnatural wrath. The municipal law permitted the wife to make complaint against him to the judge of the court, who had the authority to send incorrigible inebriates to an institution not far away, that was both penal and reformatory; but though urged to enter her complaint in the court, she shrank with a shudder from the publicity and disgrace of it. But personal peril soon compelled her to act. In a drunken frenzy her husband, seizing the carving knife, raised it to stab her. She fled to the door of the dining-room, and there stood facing him in an attitude of defence. With all his great strength he struck at her. She deftly dodged the blow, and the point of the knife sank an inch deep into the pine door where she had stood a moment before. He now, half conscious of his dastardly deed, was alarmed and, in order to forget it, drank till he was dead drunk. The wife, realizing her hairbreadth escape from death, went

at once to the court and entered her complaint. The judge sentenced her husband to confinement in the penal reformatory institution for six months.

When the officers came to execute the sentence of the court, they found the man whom they were to arrest utterly insensible. They lifted him into the prison van, as if he were an inert lump of clay. The prison authorities received him while he was still in unconscious stupor. On awaking the next morning, he asked where he was. His keepers narrated to him all the facts that pertained to his case. He then asked the privilege of keeping the books of the institution. His request was denied. He was taken out into the yard, shown a huge heap of earth, and was ordered to wheel it in a wheelbarrow several rods, and fill up a hollow and make the grounds level. No help for it, he began his appointed task, which occupied him for several weeks. When it was done, he became the bookkeeper of the institution. After spending three months in durance vile, the authorities, in view of his good behavior, paroled him. The whiskey thoroughly out of him, he looked like a new man. He soon disappeared and I can trace him no further.

Noting the good effect of prison discipline in this case, the question arose in my mind, why should not drunkenness be regarded and punished as a crime? By any just and adequate definition of crime it must be placed in that category. Crime is a deliberate act by which one injures himself or others, or both himself and others. Now the drunkard does unspeakable injury to himself, to his family, to society and to the State. If on this ground we punish a thief, a forger, an embezzler, an adulterer, why not an habitual drunkard? Instead, however, we punish the one and pity the

other. He is indeed an object of pity, but so is any criminal. Why should we not have in all the states some penal, but reformatory institution, midway between the common jail and the penitentiary, to which confirmed drunkards shall be sent, where, denied all intoxicating drink, they shall be put to useful labor for which they shall be fairly paid, a part of their wages used for their own support, and the remainder sent to their suffering families; where they shall also have some time for reading, and shall be to some extent instructed in history, science and religion; where hand and head and heart shall be disciplined for a better life when their prison days are over?

While such an institution would secure, in some just measure, the ends of justice and help pecuniarily drunkards' households, would it not also greatly aid temperance reform? If all confirmed inebriates knew that the State regarded their vice as a crime to be as certainly punished as theft or forgery, hosts of them would speedily discover that they had power to control their appetites for liquor and, on prudential grounds, would hasten to exercise it. But whether or not this would be the result we should not pity one criminal and condone his crime, while we withhold our pity from others and mete out to them unrelenting justice; but rather, pity all, and, seeking the best interests of society and the State, impartially punish all.

The second of our group of drunkards was an American by birth and education. He was about forty years old when, persuaded to attend the Sunday evening services at the church, in the judgment of charity, he was converted. He had brown hair, blue eyes, and was about five feet nine inches in height. He was erect in carriage, lithe in body and limb, and when sober had,

in all his movements, the bearing of a gentleman. He had a wife and a beautiful daughter, both devoted Christians. Their characters had been developed amid sharp and manifold trials, which had come upon them through the drunkenness of the husband and father.

For a year or more after his professed conversion, his home was bright and happy. But at last he succumbed to his old foe and staggered into his house drunk. Sunshine gave place to gloom and terror. When intoxicated he was brutal. Then those whom he loved and who loved him feared violence. Once, at an early hour in the morning, I was called to defend them against their professed and sworn protector. At my coming his frenzied wrath fled. He seemed to be unspeakably ashamed. He humbly confessed his sin, apologized for his brutality, and solemnly promised that he would never drink again. Two hours after he was in a saloon drinking more deeply than ever. Did he mean to be perfidious? I am sure he did not. He honestly made his promise, but was too weak in purpose and will to keep it. And for a quarter of a century in the life of this erring brother periods of drunkenness and sobriety alternated. During all that time the church, with almost incredible patience, was putting forth unfaltering effort to save him.

Some years after my pastorate of the church closed, I chanced to be the leader of its weekly prayer-meeting, and was surprised to meet the brother, who, in the past, had been so often overcome by his appetite for strong drink. He was among the first to speak. He said: "I am glad to see once more my old pastor. He worked hard to save me, but he went away, I fear, thinking he had failed. But he had not. I have at last overcome my old habit and am now happy in the service of the Lord."

Those were cheering words. But, alas, a few months later he was again in the gutter and his brethren and wife and daughter were once more striving to lead him to sanity and sobriety. At last death came, and those nearest to him by blood, who had suffered so long and so bitterly from his conduct, believed him to be truly penitent. Was he a child of God, battling with temptation that none living could enter into and appreciate? Him who discerns the deepest springs of all human Hoping against hope, we leave him in the hands of conduct and whose judgment is unerringly righteous.

The third drunkard whose character I wish especially to note, belonged to the emotional order. He was a tall man with a loose-jointed body. The sound of his own voice seemed to excite him and move him to tears. Before his conversion he was a wild, reckless drinker. He knew what it was to fall down dead drunk in the slush and mud of the street. When he came into the kingdom of God the natural traits of his character, of course, remained, though in a measure restrained and modified. Still, borne hither and thither by the tides of his feelings, glory and gloom swiftly alternated in his experience. Today, with the triumph of a victor, he trod the gilded mountain-tops,—tomorrow, he was wrestling with spiritual foes in the dark and stormy valleys which the sun never illuminated. When thus cast down his old appetite returned with terrific power.

He was a clerk in a retail shoe store. Not able to pay car fare, each day he walked a long distance to his place of business. On his way thither he was compelled to pass by some saloons. At times, when abreast of one of these drinking places, his desire for liquor became so strong that he lost control of himself. He could no longer move. His feet seemed riveted to

the sidewalk. He found, however, that there were three things which he still could do. He could shut his eyes, wiggle his big toes, and pray. Resolutely doing these three things, his power of will was soon restored, and he walked on conscious of one more victory over his appetite. This fierce intermittent struggle continued for years. Battle and victory, agonizing and triumph, darkness and sunshine, swiftly succeeded each other till the goal was reached, and this Christian warrior could say: "I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith."

In sharp contrast with the foregoing stands the case of the fourth drunkard. He was by birth an Englishman, in stature medium, in body stocky and sturdy, with square shoulders and a short, thick neck. While a man of generous impulses, he was quite the opposite of the emotional. His feelings did not manifest themselves in jets, but flowed on day by day, silent and unruffled. It seemed strange that a man so constituted should ever have become a drunkard. But when the gospel found him, he was a sot. His conversion was a marvel. His old life was at once completely cut off as with a knife. "Old things," wholly "passed away." He was a "new creation" in Christ Jesus.

In accordance with his natural temperament, his new life was quiet, steady, undemonstrative. He was loath even to allude to his old life; it was abhorrent to him and he wished to forget it. However, in confidence he said to me: "Since my conversion, I have never had any conscious appetite for strong drink." This cautious statement was a fair index to his character. He did not say he had no appetite for liquor, but that he had no "conscious appetite" for it, as though he thought it possible that it might still exist in the realm

of sub-consciousness. But it never again asserted itself.

This redeemed child of God was, a few years after his conversion, called to die. The deep and silent stream of his new life flowed on unvexed into eternity. We who looked on, profoundly impressed by his peaceful departure, could but magnify the wonderful grace of God that saved him from the love and power of sin and made him a complete victor over a tyrannical appetite for intoxicating drink.

In considering the lives of these drunkards, we first call attention to the fact, that an inordinate craving for intoxicating beverages is not simply a physical disorder, produced by the action of alcohol upon the nervous tissues of the body, but it has its seat conjointly in both body and mind. In fact, it is chiefly entrenched in the mind, apart from which there can be no sensation. Though the body be in perfect health, every organ intact, if the mind has gone out of it there is no feeling. If you bathe it, there is no agreeable sensation; if you cut it, there is no pain; if you burn it, there is no smart; if you pour upon the tongue the most delicious drink, there is no taste. Now, one drinks intoxicating liquor that he may experience the pleasurable sensation that is engendered; but since such sensation cannot exist apart from mind, the mind is manifestly the dominant factor in drunkenness. It is the mind that calls up the pleasurable exhilaration of drink and urges to it again. To be sure, the body, inflamed by alcohol, does, in some mysterious way, beyond the reach of human insight, stimulate the memory and imagination, but these are intellectual powers.

That the mind is predominant in the drinking habit is also clear, from the effects which follow intoxication. While the body is inflamed, diseased, and consumed by

drink, the mind is still more terribly scourged by it. Drink benumbs the conscience, leads the way to many gross and debasing sins, makes the drunkard insensible both to public opinion and to the law and will of God; and the culmination of his manifold woes is in the domain of his soul. In his delirium he is chased and clutched by fiends, entwined and hissed at by slimy snakes. An inebriate for whose reformation I labored, sitting in my drawing-room by an open fire, every moment or two, would pick the serpents from his arms and neck and throw them on the burning coals. While it was a grotesque hallucination, to him it was an awful reality. Upon the soul, where the habit of drink is most deeply and firmly entrenched, there finally falls the most fearful retribution. Men speak more profoundly than they know when they say, "a man is dead drunk." Yes, the whole man, body and soul, has been reduced to insensibility. "Oh, God, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains,"—the mouth, the exponent of sense; the brain, the exponent of the mind.

Now since the strong hold of drunkenness is in the mind, the chief remedy for this monstrous evil must be spiritual; it must operate upon and within the mind. To be sure, physical or bodily remedies should not be despised or ignored. For the inebriate to be for a season, by any means, shut off from intoxicating beverages, may help restore his body to its normal condition; or the taking of potions which, for a time at least, may create a loathing for alcoholic drinks, may be of inestimable value, since any respite from the tyranny of appetite, when there is any honest desire for reformation, re-inforces the will in the struggle wholly to break away from the bondage of the drinking habit.

But in any case, in overcoming this ignoble and destructive vice, the ultimate reliance must always be upon the power of the mind. Just as the mind dominates the body, so it must dominate, control and repress every unholy and blighting appetite or lust. The assertion of its power and supremacy is the drunkard's brightest hope of salvation.

But how can the mind prevail over the habit of drink? Not by directly grappling with it in an endeavor to overcome it by sheer force of will. Such effort in sporadic cases might possibly be effective, but in the vast majority of cases it would unquestionably result in utter failure. If victory is ever achieved, another and mightier motive than an inordinate craving for strong drink must be introduced into the soul of the inebriate, a motive that shall throw into the background or expel his mad thirst for liquor. That conquering motive is found in the gospel. When the drunkard receives Christ into his mind and heart, apprehends him as his Almighty Redeemer, and submits his will to him, his soul is so ravished by the grace and glory of his Lord, that the old life passes away, while a new, and immeasurably better life begins. In other words, when Christ comes into his life, drunkenness goes out of it. The change thus wrought is radical and thorough, just because it takes place in the depths of his spiritual being. With the change of heart and will, all is changed.

Now, if this new and mightiest of motives, Christ enthroned in the soul, always acted without obstruction, we should have invariably the same results. But often, by unexpected and untoward circumstances, this motive is rendered for a season partially or wholly inop-

erative, and then the converted inebriate struggles in darkness, or, it may be, falls again into his old habit.

On the supposition that the second of our group of drunkards had really received Christ as his Saviour, the vision of his Redeemer, at certain periods, was completely shrouded in darkness. When that inspiring and saving vision was thus eclipsed he abandoned himself to drink. "The sow that had washed" returned to "wallowing in the mire." But again he was awakened to the awful fact of his deep and shameful degradation by a new vision of the Sun of Righteousness that broke through and scattered his darkness. And so long as the vision lasted, he led a life of penitence, sobriety, and devotion to God. And though he often fell, it was some new revelation of Christ to his soul that lifted him up again. And when his final hour drew nigh, his special grief was that he had so often and flagrantly sinned against Christ. So the curtain fell. Those who knew him best and had suffered most from his dissipation believed that his last vision of his Lord never ended.

We have already noted the fact that the third of our inebriates was in temperament very emotional. He constantly had his ups and downs. Today he seemed to be victorious over his appetite for liquor; tomorrow his craving for it was so imperious and persistent, that his will power was well-nigh gone. But in this fierce conflict with his old habits, he was never defeated. Though in utter darkness and in the depths of despair, he remembered Christ and the vision that he had had of him. Even when, under the dread spell of temptation, before a liquor saloon, he was unable to move, he cried to his Savior for deliverance and was heard. The Master energized his will, so that vic-

torious over his craving for drink, he went on his way. The vision of Christ that first delivered him from his cups, though at times hidden from his view, was never forgotten. Christ, as an objective reality, and as a subjective experience, was the mighty motive that moved and saved him. His natural character was weak. But stimulated and controlled by his vision of Christ, he fought a long bitter battle with his lust for liquor and triumphed over it.

The last of these drunkards, as we have seen, was a man of even temperament, never unduly elated, never greatly cast down. When he had a vision of Christ as his Almighty Saviour, that vision was never wholly obscured. The Sun of Righteousness that rose in his spiritual sky never set. Captivated by, and absorbed in, Christ, all conscious craving for liquor was gone forever. The meaner and fleshly motive was annihilated by the higher and spiritual.

But how shall we account for the marked variety in the experiences of these men, after they professed their faith in Christ? The striking differences in their natural temperaments will partially explain it, but if we would fully understand it, we must take into consideration the relative vividness with which they apprehended Christ. According to the measure in which any one receives Christ as his prophet, priest and king, will be the firmness and steadiness of his Christian life, and that largely irrespective of his temperament or former habits. Christ can save even the weakest of men and subdue the most inveterate appetite. Still, we do not claim that a man cannot be saved from drunkenness except through Christ. Some have been saved from inebriety who never heard of Christ; and some who have known Christ intellectually and yet never trusted in him as

their Savior have overcome stubborn appetites for alcoholic drinks. A man who, for more than a quarter of a century, has labored in an asylum for drunkards, assures me that some hard drinkers are saved through fear; that in spite of all that is done for them they will continue to drink until they fall down in the gutter and are trodden on, until, he says, "they are shaken over hell," and then some of them, through sheer fright, will abandon their cups forever.

But admitting all that may be justly claimed for other agencies of reform, it remains true that the most certain of all remedies for drunkenness is Jesus Christ. He receives and transforms the penitent inebriate, and reformation, when the outcome of transformation, is assured.

This, then, is our thought. Appetite for intoxicating liquor has its seat in both body and soul, but is chiefly entrenched in the soul. The chief remedy for it, therefore, must be one that acts upon the soul. This supreme remedy is Christ. He so draws the soul to, and delights it in, himself, that the enticement of appetite is either held in abeyance, or altogether effaced. Christ saves the soul and so saves the body. He saves the whole man, both soul and body. While we then welcome every agency which may, in any way, help in saving the drunkard, we should never forget that Christ is the rational and unfailing antidote of drunkenness. that he can save a man from the most deep-rooted appetite as well as from every other sin.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A FUGITIVE SLAVE.

BEFORE the war of the rebellion, in 1858, without any premeditated purpose on my part, I assisted in getting a fugitive slave safely into Canada. I then lived in Janesville, a small but flourishing city of Wisconsin. The slave was from Mississippi. By some stratagem he boarded a steamboat at Natchez unobserved, and, by the aid of a friend, hid himself in the hold. His sympathizer secretly giving him food enough to sustain life, he was carried northward to La Crosse, where, crawling out of his hiding place, he landed, and began his flight eastward toward Canada. His knowledge of the geography of the country was exceedingly scant, but he did know that the asylum which he sought was somewhere toward the rising sun.

But the fugitive-slave law was then far from being a dead letter, and our fellow citizens of the slave States insisted that we, in the free States, were solemnly bound to aid in its execution: but if as individuals we could not conscientiously do this, they demanded that we should at least do nothing to thwart its execution. And legally they were unquestionably right. It was a United States law, and until it was repealed every good citizen was under legal obligation to obey it. But multitudes of men north of Mason and Dixon's line openly declared, that, believing slavery to be a grievous moral wrong, they would never help to return a fugitive slave

to his master; that there were laws higher than the fugitive-slave law to which they owed prime obedience; that black slaves were their neighbors, whom they were commanded to love even as they loved themselves, and that no earthly government had any moral right to force them to act contrary to this unmistakable law of God. They urged that God commands us to clothe the naked, to feed the hungry, and to give shelter to the outcast, and that no political government can justly intervene and demand that we should not harbor a fleeing slave. They declared that if such a bondman, having to their knowledge committed no crime, knocked at their door they would receive him, minister to his necessities and defend him against all comers; that nobody unresisted should under their roofs violate the sacred rights of Christian hospitality.

When the fugitive-slave law was enacted, I heard an educator of high standing, addressing a large body of students in one of our institutions of learning, say: "If a fugitive slave, guilty of no offense except that of trying to escape from his bondage, asks for my hospitality, I will receive him and care for him. And if anyone comes to seize him in order to return him to slavery, I will defend him with whatever weapon may be at hand; I will defend him with the carving knife, with the fire poker, with the fire shovel, with the tongs, with a chair, with a stick of wood; no man, in whatever guise, entering my door, shall tamely be permitted to trample on the sacred laws of hospitality." And that student body cheered his words "to the very echo."

If any one should say that his words were surcharged with unseemly heat, we must not forget that the times were hot, that a great moral question was up for settlement, and that hosts of earnest Christian men and

women throughout the North were most profoundly agitated. Still, they were not disloyal to the government. They gloried in the Republic, and declared with entire sincerity that, if those in authority should arrest and punish them for obstructing the execution of the fugitive-slave law, they would submit to the penalty meted out to them without a murmur. But they deeply felt that, for the sake of compromising the differences between the North and South in reference to slavery, the government had gone too far and demanded of them what in conscience they could not do.

But to return to the fugitive slave whom we left in surroundings utterly strange to him, warily making his way eastward. Soon word was flashed from Mississippi that a slave had escaped from that State on a north-bound steamboat, and asking the authorities of the States of the upper Mississippi valley to be on the watch for him. On inquiry, the United States marshal of Wisconsin learned that an unknown negro had two days before left a steamboat at La Crosse; but beyond that nothing at all definite could be ascertained. After instituting a thorough search he at last discovered his trail. But the negro had gotten a fair start and had found friends who kept him in hiding by day, and conducted him forward by night, successfully eluding the pursuing marshal. Some young men of Janesville, learning that the hiding place of the fugitive was only three or four miles away, drove out in a covered wagon to his place of refuge and in the evening brought him into the city.

There was one pastor in Janesville, who often preached on the subject of slavery, the Missouri border ruffians and the Kansas war. His utterances were generally so warmly approved that I was solicited to dis-

cuss in my pulpit the same topics, but declined so to do, on the ground that there were no slaveholders nor border ruffians in our city. Now the young men, who had taken under their care the escaping chattel, naturally thought that the pastor, who had so faithfully and persistently preached against slavery, would be only too glad to receive him and protect him for the night. So without the slightest misgiving they drove with their charge directly to his door and solicited him to harbor the fugitive. But rumor had been flying about that the United States marshal was on the track of a fleeing slave, and the fugitive at that pastor's door was in all probability the one for whom he was searching. To harbor him was hazardous. At all events, whatever may have been the motive that just then swayed this abolition preacher, he began to hem and haw and said that it was not quite convenient for him to receive him.

The young men, sorely disappointed, were at their wit's end. They feared that they might be discovered, and the trembling fugitive turned over to the pursuing marshal. One of them said,—so they afterwards told me,—“Anderson has never here preached against slavery, but it strikes me that his religion has a point to it; let's take the fugitive to him.” The evening was well advanced and it was very dark when they rang my door-bell. A young man, whom I had not before known, said that he and some friends of his wished to see me at the gate. I at once responded to this unusual request. Hesitatingly, as though they doubted the success of their prayer, they told their story and asked me to receive the fugitive for the night. I did not then know that my elder brother in the ministry, the abolitionist among us by pre-eminence, had found it incon-

venient to grant hospitality to this trembling chattel; but without a moment's hesitation, I said: "Certainly, I will do it. There is in my study a very comfortable lounge; he can sleep there."

Then the poor, foot-sore fugitive crawled out of the covered wagon. As the light from the window fell on his dusky face, I saw how suspicious and fearful he was; his eyes rolled hither and thither; he cast furtive glances to the right and left. I assured him that I was his friend and that he was in no danger. A few steps and he was safe in my study. He was hungry and my wife brought him a bountiful lunch. When he had devoured the bread and butter, the meat and milk, he laid down on the lounge and in a minute was sound asleep. Weariness from long and anxious foot-journeys, and enforced vigils ended now in unconscious "Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care."

Leaving my charge in deep slumber, I sat down with the young men, who brought the fugitive to my door, to perfect our plans for sending him on to Canada. The conductor of the night express train that came up from Chicago was an out and out abolitionist. When his train pulled into the depot between nine and ten o'clock, we had with him three or four minutes' conversation, and he agreed to take the fugitive at half past eight the next morning to Chicago. He said that he was well acquainted with a conductor on the Michigan Central, to whom he could safely entrust the fleeing slave. All plans were now fully laid and seemed to be working smoothly toward the desired end. So I slept with satisfaction and peace.

The next morning I was up early. My chattel guest must be prepared for the exciting events of the new day. He was still sleeping and I had to wake him from

his profound slumber. When he was cleansed and refreshed by soap and water, I gave him a hearty breakfast. "Now," I said to him, "you must take off those old, ragged clothes and put on these." I handed him a suit of my own clothes. He readily put them on and the fit was fairly good. I said, "Take this hat, too." The hat was too big and we had an amusing time tightening the band and stuffing cotton batting under the sweat-leather; but at last we made it answer the purpose. I now gave him a bundle of useful articles, and carefully told him just what he must do. Slaves were required in the presence of white men to keep their eyes to the ground, and I saw that our fugitive constantly did this. So, over and over again, I directed him to put his bundle under his arm, and as he walked not to look down but straight ahead, as though he was starting out to do business. I also showed him that it would be safest for him to go to the depot alone, about ten rods ahead of me. "Now," I said, "we will start." That declaration quite upset him. All the dangers of the situation seemed at once to flash into his mind. On his way to the depot the dreaded United States marshal might pounce upon him. He was in the depths of despair. For the moment his will power was gone. Great beads of sweat stood all over his forehead, and he was quite unable to move hand or foot. Out of deepest pity I spoke to him hopefully and cheerfully. This revived his courage, and he walked on toward the depot carrying out well the directions that I had given him. Just then the abolition pastor, who could not "conveniently" keep him over night, joined me, and, seeing that the fugitive had on a suit of my clothes, remarked, "He looks quite ministerial."

He was soon at the depot, looking, with his bundle under his arm, like a business man waiting for the

train. We soon joined him. The train came thundering in. The conductor artfully did not appear to recognize any of us. But just as the bell of the locomotive began to ring, standing near the door of the baggage car without saying a word, he motioned the fugitive in. He had piled some trunks athwart the corner of the car so as to leave a space behind them, and with a wave of his hand, he directed the negro to jump over the trunks into that vacant space, where he would be concealed from every eye. The last glimpse I had of my ebony charge, he was just slipping from the top of the trunks down into his hiding place.

We were anxious as to the result; but the next day we saw a telegram announcing that the evening before a slave crossed the river at Detroit into Canada. I could not but wonder what impression the fugitive, with his ministerial suit of clothes, made upon his fellows, who before him had fled to that asylum of freedom. And it now seems to us passing strange, that, in 1858, a man was compelled to pass through such hardships and be exposed to such imminent perils in order to get out from under the Stars and Stripes, and be received under the sheltering arms of the Union Jack. "The world do move."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

BEECHER AT THE TWIN-MOUNTAIN HOUSE.

IN the summer of 1871, spending a few days of rest in New Hampshire, I had the pleasure of meeting at the Twin-Mountain House, Henry Ward Beecher. We had been thrown together several times before, and now greeted each other as casual acquaintances. Mr. Beecher came to the hotel Saturday evening, and although he was suffering from hay fever, a self-constituted committee pressed him so urgently to preach the next forenoon that he reluctantly consented.

The next morning, at half-past ten, the large parlor of the hotel was crowded with an eager, expectant audience. In belief, it was a motley throng. Not a few were freethinkers, to whom such doctrines as sin and the atonement by blood were specially distasteful. Of all this Mr. Beecher was fully aware. The query in some minds was, in these circumstances, will he be faithful and fearless in delivering his message? He entered the parlor and took the vacant chair which was waiting for him. Every eye was upon him. Without rising to his feet, he said, "Let us sing the familiar hymn, " 'Rock of Ages cleft for me.' " Christ crucified is the pith and core of that sacred song. Thus the key-note of the meeting was sound, scriptural orthodoxy. The hymn was sung with a will, believers and skeptics joining heartily in the strains of the music. The singing over, Mr. Beecher called on a plain Con-

gregational deacon to pray, and as he poured out his heart in supplication, we seemed to be in a fervent prayer-meeting. At the close of the earnest petition, Mr. Beecher said, "We will now sing the good old hymn, 'There is a fountain filled with blood.' " He could not have chosen a hymn the thought of which was dearer to a part of his congregation, nor one more repulsive to the freethinkers present, but all, under the spell of his wonderful personality, sang it heartily. Then, after prayer by a Baptist layman, he preached on "Christian Experience." Every word of his sermon was true to the Scriptures and to Christ. He illustrated his thoughts with such aptness that all present, adults and children, hung breathlessly on his lips. And when the last word had been spoken, and the last hymn sung, the audience seemed loth to quit the spot, where they had been stirred and charmed by that masterful eloquence.

A little boy with whom I was well acquainted, wishing very much to hear Mr. Beecher again, asked me who was going to preach at night. Knowing that a lady from Boston had consented to speak, I answered, "A woman." "A woman!" he exclaimed. "Certainly," said I, "why do you speak in that way?" He replied, "I never knew that women preached." He was in a brown study for a minute or two, and then to my great surprise and amusement asked, "Has she got any whiskers?" Laughing inside, I replied with great gravity, as though shocked at his inquiry, "Why do you ask such a question as that?" He said: "Grandma took me to Barnum's in New York, and I saw two women there who had whiskers, and I thought it was one of them." Early the next morning, I met Mr. Beecher on the ground floor of the hotel, and related

to him this incident. His sides shook with laughter, as he said, "Let me go and tell my wife and sister." And then, as though he were a youth in his teens, he ran up two flights of stairs to their room, and told them the funny thought of the little boy.

The lady from Boston preached at night. She was sprightly and entertaining. She taught that sin is simply a disease, which requires treatment only in the hospital. A vivacious Englishman, who was intending to start for his home the next morning, changed his mind and concluded to remain in this country six weeks longer, since he learned, as he said, from her discourse that it was vastly easier getting to heaven on this side of the Atlantic than on the other.

During the week which followed, Mr. Beecher received some proof sheets of his "Life of Christ," the first volume of which was then passing through the press. He asked me to read the preface, and see if I could find any mistakes in it. I pointed out two words which had been erroneously printed as one word. "Is there a dictionary here?" said he. None could be found in the hotel. "Well," let it alone," he exclaimed, "if those words never before formed a compound, they will after this volume appears."

Still later he brought me the passage of his book in which he teaches that Christ had no human soul, but was simply a human body in which God dwelt. He asked me what I thought of that? I told him that to my mind his view was not correct. "But that Christ had a human soul," he said, "was a notion developed by controversy." I maintained that even if that were true, it would not prove the doctrine which he advanced to be correct; that the Scriptures taught that Christ grew in wisdom, and was tempted in all points

like as we are, and that such declarations would be meaningless, if Christ did not have a human soul. He then said: "Dr. Thomas Conant has examined all the expositions of Scripture contained in the forthcoming volume. I do not know very much about interpretation. I would not publish such a book as this without having some competent critic examine the exegesis which I make of the passages of the Scripture quoted in it. I have been all my life very much like a butcher in the market; if you want a piece of meat, he cuts it off and lets you have it. So in my preaching, I have cut off one piece of the gospel and given it to my congregation in the morning, and then another at night, but to find out how the critter is put together is a very different affair." These were wise and suggestive words. "But," said I, "what did Dr. Conant think of your notion of the person of Christ; of the doctrine that Christ had no human soul?" With a look of indescribable drollery, pulling his nose with his thumb and finger, as Dr. Conant often did when about to give a gentle hint of dissent, he replied, "Dr. Conant said that he regarded it as an ingenious view."

During my stay at the hotel he told me of the course of lectures on preaching which he was soon to deliver at Yale. He spoke freely of his future plans of work. He was then fifty-eight, and said that when he was sixty, it was his purpose to leave the pulpit, and to devote the rest of his life to journalism. He then evidently had no intimation of the awful storm of detraction which was so soon to burst upon him.

At the hotel he was a universal favorite. He chatted with all sorts of people. He bubbled over with fun. He played with the children and romped in the fields where he gathered wild flowers, of which he was pas-

sionately fond. He occasionally drove a few miles into the mountains, but he would never do this unless he had a strong, spirited span of horses. He played tenpins vigorously. He chose the largest ball, and often at a single bowl knocked down every pin. Once when he wished to play, the boy who set up the pins was absent, and another boy, a guest at the hotel, volunteered to set them up. At the close of the game Mr. Beecher offered him twenty-five cents for his service. The lad, proud of spirit, refused it, saying, "I am not the boy that sets up pins." "Who are you?" said Mr. Beecher." He replied, "I am Prof. ——'s boy." "O, you are," said Mr. Beecher, "then you must have fifty cents." He now thrust a fifty-cent piece into the vest pocket of the protesting, struggling lad, held him at arm's length for a moment, then jumping away from him, he ran with all his might into the hotel, leaving the wondering and defeated boy with fifty cents in his pocket.

This is in part what I saw of this truly great man during my summer rest in the White Mountains. He impressed me with his unusual life and power. His soul was full of sunshine, and all around him were made happy by its radiance. Strong men admired him; little children loved him.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE LATE HON. LELAND STANFORD.

HE was more than an ordinary man. His vast estate of \$40,000,000 was acquired by his own foresight and energy. It stands as the exponent of his intellectual ability. He did not, however, hoard it like a miser, but, in addition to a host of minor benefactions, he gave \$20,000,000 for the purpose of founding a university at Palo Alto.

It is not my aim in this brief chapter to give an outline of his entire career, but to relate the incidents of a single interview with him. In the summer of 1879 it was my privilege to spend a part of a day and night with him at Menlo Park, near San Francisco. He took me over his great farm there, and showed me his fine, blooded horses, in which he took great delight. In the evening as we sat in the drawing-room, he displayed the instantaneous photographs of his horses, taken when they were trotting and running. He compared their positions or attitudes when in motion, with the positions given trotting and running horses by distinguished artists, and claimed that by this test of the photograph, he had convicted the most noted painters of horses of gross error. These photographs were afterwards used to illustrate the statements of an interesting article, prepared under the eye of Mr. Stanford, on the positions of moving horses, which appeared, I believe, in *Harper's Monthly*.

The discussion of the photographs having ended, he began to talk on the monopolies of California. He had the most intimate knowledge of them, and traced suggestively their inception and growth, maintaining that they had developed the material resources of the State as no other agency could have done, and instead of oppressing laborers had given them employment and higher wages. His talk was entertaining and instructive, even if the correctness of his conclusions were doubtful.

Just at that time the sand-lot excitement was at white heat. Dennis Kearney, without linen collar, and in woolen shirt sleeves, was bitterly denouncing capitalists to crowds of workmen in the East. In the sand-lots, on each Sabbath day, the Chinese were denounced as a menace to all American labor. So this subject naturally claimed our attention. Mr. Stanford did not regard the Chinese as a desirable element of our population, but said that those who denounced them in such unmeasured terms disregarded the most palpable facts. He maintained that the Chinese had done much for the development of California. The Central Pacific Railroad could not have been built when it was, without their aid. He said that they kept their bodies scrupulously clean. Every one of them who worked on the railroad, bathed every day from head to foot. They were also peaceable. In the construction of the western portion of the road, where the Chinese were employed, there was only one murder, and then an Irishman killed a Chinaman; while on the eastern portion, where white men alone were employed, there was, on the average, a murder for every mile of the road. He said that the Chinese, so far from lowering the wages of American laborers, had advanced

them along some lines. As household servants they received from twenty to sixty dollars a month. The result was that the wages of all domestic servants were increased. Moreover, where an Irish girl and Chinamen were employed in the same house, as they were in his, it made Bridget a lady, since she ordered the Chinamen to do the drudgery and was obeyed.

Towards midnight the subject of education came up. I told him of the splendid opportunity which was then presented to him to lay broad and deep the financial foundation of the University of Chicago. He listened attentively, and then said: "I have never given any thought to the subject of education. I have at present only one ambition, and that is, to construct railroads and whip Tom Scott." He and Mr. Scott of Pennsylvania, were then in conflict over a railroad route in Mexico. "But," he added thoughtfully: "I have a son, he must be educated, and it will soon be necessary for me to think about institutions of learning, but I cannot do it now."

Not long after he took his son to Europe where the lad was stricken with Roman fever and died. Considering what monument he should rear to his only child, he determined to build a university. Whether our conversation had any vital connection with the great enterprise, I never knew. We met, and talked of institutions of learning. He declared that, for the sake of his son, he must, at no distant day, carefully consider the subject of education. That son soon died, and he founded a great university to perpetuate the memory of his departed child. He sent me, as they were printed from time to time, all the documents which pertained to its organization. He seemed thus to testify that our conversation, at midnight, on higher

education, was not forgotten. Be that as it may, while he was led to create a great institution simply to commemorate the name of his only son, by that magnificent gift to education he has secured for himself undying fame.

CHAPTER XXX.

REMINISCENCES OF SPURGEON.

ON a bright Sunday morning in July, 1863, I sat down for the first time in Spurgeon's tabernacle. At the appointed moment the great preacher stepped unheralded into his semicircular pulpit. He was then in full physical vigor. At once he invoked the divine blessing. Without any apparent effort the musical tones of his voice perfectly filled every part of that great auditorium. To me, his enunciation was marvellous. Every letter of every word was distinctly uttered. And what was of vastly greater importance, in his prayer he evidently came into the very presence-chamber of the King and asked him importunately and tenderly for his blessing on the worshipping congregation and on himself.

Then he read a hymn naturally, so as to give the sense of the words:

“Loud hallelujahs to the Lord,
From distant worlds where creatures dwell,
Let heaven begin the solemn word,
And sound it dreadful down to hell.”

The whole congregation sang. The sound of their united voices was like the noise of many waters.

The song ended. Silence seemingly absolute ensued. Every eye of the vast throng was on the preacher, every

ear was attent. He began to read with pertinent, luminous comment the one hundred and fourth psalm. As he went on the interest increased; it became intense. The physical universe, of which the psalm treats, seemed resplendent with the glory of God. We were touched, swayed, and lifted up till I am sure that each one, with the Psalmist and his eloquent expounder, in his heart of hearts cried: "I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live; I will sing praises to my God while I have my being."

The preacher was thus borne on the wings of divine inspiration into his prayer, which was now offered. The first of it was praise, such as I had never before heard. The attributes of God seemed to be unveiled to the eye of the worshiper, and in diction freighted with poetical imagery he gave fit expression to the vision which was passing before him. Thanksgiving and petition followed praise. One utterance was called forth by an important public event of the preceding week. "O Lord," he said, "we thank thee for the dis-establishment of the Church of Ireland; now let the dis-establishment of the Church of England speedily follow." The prayer occupied only about five minutes; but the psalm and the prayer together had attuned the souls of the great congregation to praise, so that the second hymn was sung with matchless fervor.

At last came the sermon. The subject of it was, "Confessing Christ." It had been evidently carefully prepared. The preacher possessed his subject, and his subject possessed him. He did not rant, nor spout, nor declaim, but talked naturally out of a full mind and heart. Like his Master, he used the common words of the people—words of poetry, eloquence and power. His voice was as clear as a bell. His discourse ran on

like a limpid brook. Every thought was clearly presented and illustrated by objects and incidents familiar to all.

One head of his sermon was that we ought sometimes to go out of our way to confess Christ. He said: "I must go out of my way to confess him this morning." Then he told us of Prince Albert's childlike faith in Jesus. In that faith he lived and died. Yet a papistical inscription was then being chisled on his monument. If the Prince knew it he would turn over in his grave. Then stretching his hand up towards the heavens and looking thither, his whole frame quivering with emotion, his voice rang out like a trumpet, as he cried: "Ye shades of Knox and Luther and Calvin, have ye clean gone from the earth, and is there nobody left to reprove wickedness in high places?" The effect was electrical. The whole audience bent forward toward the preacher, drawn by some mysterious, irresistible power.

When he had preached forty minutes he stopped and said that he had made an agreement with his deacons not to preach longer than that; but that we must permit him to steal five minutes of our time. He now gathered up the thought of his discourse into a beautiful, forceful parable. How simply, naturally, eloquently it was all done. At its close he said: "Such is the parable; live it out; Amen." He pronounced the benediction, and disappeared.

The impressions of that hour can never be effaced. The great preacher led me captive. He stirred my soul to its depths. My spirit reacted on my body. Waves of nervous excitement, akin to chills, chased each other down my backbone. At times I hardly knew whether I was in the body or out of the body. Several times afterwards I listened to Mr. Spurgeon,

but never again when he seemed to possess so much power.

On Wednesday evening I attended prayer-meeting at the Tabernacle. It was very informal, just as such a meeting should be. The first of the hour was taken up with singing, prayer and speaking. Then several young men who had been sent to the Epsom horse-races to distribute tracts and testaments made their report. They said that the managers of the races had done all they could to hinder their work. The men of the turf declared that they were greatly shocked at the impropriety of distributing the Scriptures on the grounds of the races. Mr. Spurgeon, addressing these Christian workers, said: "I never knew before what tender consciences these horse-racers have. Go back tomorrow and do your work bravely. The gospel is a grand impertinence to be thrust in just where it is least wanted."

He read the Scriptures at the close of the meeting, instead of at the beginning. The passage read was the account of the demoniac of Gadara. How vividly by his comment he drew the picture. We could see the demoniac in his frenzy snapping his chains asunder, wandering naked among the tombs, the blood trickling down his body as he cut himself with stones. Feared and deserted by all, Jesus delivers him from demons and saves him. Then we see him go home. Wife and children catch sight of him and fearfully peep out of window and door. But his body is no longer naked; he speaks to them in tones of gentleness and love. Their fear subsides; they open the door, and there follows the joyful, tearful meeting. That picture drawn with such masterful strokes still hangs in the gallery of my memory as fresh as if it were painted but yes-

terday. This was the last exercise of the evening. So we were sent away thinking of the wonderful love of Jesus, and of his power to transform and save the vilest and most hopeless of men.

In the summer of 1869, I heard Mr. Spurgeon for the last time. His text was from the Song of Solomon. He found in it the church, the bride, and Christ, her lover and spouse. At the close of the service, we were invited into his room back of the pulpit. Dr. Park, professor in Andover Theological Seminary, and Rev. Mr. Furber, of Newton Centre, Mass., both Congregationalists, were present. Dr. Park said: "I have been in London seven weeks, and have heard no one preach except Mr. Spurgeon; he is my pastor now." He was evidently making a study of him as a preacher.

I asked Mr. Spurgeon what he taught in his theological training-school? He replied: "Formerly the method of making pins in England was this: one man cut up the wire, another made the heads, another put the wire and heads together, while the fourth man sharpened the point. My work in the school is simply to sharpen the point."

He then spoke of his teacher of theology who was a Congregationalist, and said, that some of his brethren criticised him because he did not employ a Baptist; but he added, "I do not see why they should find fault with me for employing a Congregational hen to hatch my ducks." He said his students were urging their teacher to receive apostolic baptism, but during the past week he had replied to them that it had been the great effort of his life to keep his head above water.

He spoke in great praise of his brother James, his associate pastor. He said: "He is the best fellow in the world; he rides behind without complaint. It takes

a great deal of grace to do that." It was an hour of rare social enjoyment. In much of Mr. Spurgeon's conversation there was a quiet humor; at times his words flashed with wit, and the whole of his speech was full of gentleness and a broad Christian charity.

During the week I met James, who told me that his brother Charles was very fond of mathematics, and that every year he read some book of higher mathematics; and while he made no pretense to linguistic scholarship, he read his Greek Testament with ease, and that there was not a verse in his Hebrew Bible that he had not read and re-read. He said also that during his vacations he often read, for pleasure, without note or comment, some of the Greek tragedies. This was a revelation. It explains the natural order and beauty of his sermons. His mind was sharpened not only by the study of the writings of the old English divines, but also by the mathematics and the Greek classics. He was thus intellectually fitted to preach so that the very ends of the earth listened entranced.

CHAPTER XXXI.

LEE FORESEES GRANT'S TRIUMPH.

I WISH to narrate a deeply interesting incident of the war of the rebellion. It is not a myth which has grown up by the lapse of time, but an event, which I learned very soon after its occurrence, for which there is the most direct and reliable evidence. Since it is an incident of General Grant's Wilderness campaign, I have often regretted that I did not relate it to him before his death.

He had begun his famous left-flank movement, and had reached Spottsylvania Court House. General Lee, having apprehended the design of his great antagonist, moved on the inner and shorter line of defense, and was there before him, and in position to resist him. In Lee's line of battle there was for some reason a sharp salient or angle. This the practiced eye of Grant at once detected. He ordered General Hancock, under the cover of darkness to move his force up to within 1200 yards of it. At half-past four the next morning that gallant general carried it by storm. Four thousand prisoners, several stands of colors and forty or fifty cannon were taken.

The ground which the Federal troops secured they stubbornly held. All day long Lee vainly tried to drive them back. He made five determined onslaughts and in every instance was bloodily repulsed. The contestants were at times during the day close to each

other. Occasionally rival colors were planted on opposite sides of the breastworks. The dead and wounded lay heaped upon one another. A beech tree eighteen inches in diameter was cut down by Minie balls. A section of this tree is now in the museum of war relics at Washington. The place on account of that day's fighting was christened the "bloody angle."

Right there, amid that awful carnage, at three o'clock in the afternoon, the rain descending in torrents, the Union troops sang as they fought,

"The Union forever! hurrah, boys! hurrah!
Down with the traitor, up with the star;
While we rally round the flag, boys, rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom."

Night at last came to the relief of those heroic soldiers who had survived shot and shell and the whizzing Minie balls.

Now look upon another scene. There stood within the lines of the Confederate army a farmhouse. It was General Lee's headquarters. It had a spacious kitchen. There the general, at night, called a council of war. Chairs were brought in and placed in a row by the walls round that large room. The subordinate generals of the Confederate army filed in and were seated in them. The owner of the house rose to leave, but was courteously requested by General Lee to remain. He did so and sat where his eye rested on the face of the General. Lee was sad and spoke only a few words during the sitting of the council. He asked the officers present, beginning at his right and going round the room, each to give his opinion on the present situation, and to express his judgment as to what ought

next to be done. While they were doing this the lips of Lee at times quivered and, now and then, tears trickled down his cheeks. When all had spoken, some moments of absolute silence ensued. When at last the General spoke, he thanked his officers for their opinions, and added, substantially: "I have tried all day to break the line of the opposing army and I have not sufficient force to do it. I fear, as the result of this day's fighting, that we shall finally be forced back upon Richmond and be compelled to surrender." He then informed his generals that, in the morning, he would issue his orders, and dismissed the council.

Some of us remember how General Grant at that time was censured by many for that great battle. He was denounced as heartless and as a butcher; but in the light of this Confederate council of war, held at the close of that eventful day, and of the words of the distinguished leader of the Confederate armies, we now learn that the silent, tenacious, patriotic Grant saw more clearly than his carping critics what must be done to save the Republic, and was unswervingly doing it.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A REMINISCENCE OF SHERMAN AND GRANT.

DURING General Grant's second Presidential term, I visited Washington. Soon after my arrival I met unexpectedly two old college mates, one of whom was a brother of Major-General Schofield. Sherman was then General of the Army. In 1860 and '61 he was one of my fellow citizens in St. Louis. I was pastor of a church there, he was president of a horse-railway. Feeling quite at liberty so to do, I took my former college acquaintances to the War Department and introduced them to my old neighbor and friend. He received us with all his wonted enthusaism. It evidently gave him great delight to do all that he could for our benefit and happiness. He showed us all the objects of historical interest in the Department and, what was better, descanted on them in his own lively and impassioned way, until he filled us with much of his own fervor.

When he came to the room where hung the portraits of the former secretaries of war, he set forth in flash-light sentences the prominent traits of many of them. To our great amusement he painted in vivid colors their faults and foibles, as well as their virtues. There was no bitterness or sting in his words, but much drollery and good humor. Speaking in commendation of Jefferson Davis as Secretary of War, he dropped into reminiscence and discussed some features of the gigan-

tic struggle for the Union. I spoke of one of his own campaigns, and, among other things, said, "General, some say that you burned Atlanta." In a moment he was aflame with excitement; he began to swing his right arm round and round, his hand describing a circle or ellipse, as he exclaimed: "I burn Atlanta! Why should I? That would have done me no good. There were two large buildings in the city, filled with war material; I couldn't take it with me, I couldn't leave it behind me; if I did leave it, it might fall into the hands of the enemy; the only safe thing to do was to destroy it. So when I started for Savannah, I detailed two regiments to blow up those buildings and burn up everything in them. It made a great fire. That's all there is of the story that I burned Atlanta."

"You see," he now continued a little more calmly, "no competent commander ever leaves anything behind him that the enemy might seize and use against him. If he leaves a fortress in his rear, he dismantles it and renders it useless. Joshua was an able general; he would not leave behind him the great fortress of Jericho until he saw its walls down flat, and if he had lived in our day, he would have blown them up with gunpowder."

He now abruptly asked: "Are you going to call on the President?" We replied that we had no business of any kind with the President, and felt that we ought not to intrude ourselves upon him. Quick as a flash he responded: "Oh, Grant is a good fellow. Go in and see him." He took a card from his vest pocket, and hastily wrote a note introducing us to him. Thus exhorted and fortified by the distinguished General, we entered the White House, and sent to the President our introductory card.

While we waited for his response, we mutually agreed that, when ushered into his presence, Reverend Mr. Schofield should begin the conversation by mentioning the fact that Major-General Schofield was his brother. The usher soon returned and conducted us to the President. As we entered his room, rising from a table where he was apparently engaged in writing some state paper, he said quietly, but heartily, "Good morning, gentlemen," and gave us his hand. We in turn assured him of our delight in seeing him. And now, our salutations over, there followed an embarrassing period of silence, in which seconds seemed to be minutes, while we waited for Mr. Schofield to begin the conversation according to agreement. But he, through sheer fright, was as still as a stone. We stood as dumb as three mummies, glancing at each other and at the President. The President himself was embarrassed and blushed like a country lass. I broke the awkward silence by saying what our friend, in his trepidation, had forgotten to say. All were instantly at ease. The President began to talk freely with us about the war and national affairs. I was delighted with his skill as a conversationalist. He never hesitated for a word, and the right word was always at hand to express his thought. His sentences were terse, simple and complete. The clearness and directness of his speech was indicative of a man of power. But I can never forget how one of the greatest generals of modern times, then President of the United States, blushed as he stood before three of his humble fellow citizens, one of whom, appointed to be the chief speaker, was dumb through embarrassment, while the other two stood in silent amazement, because the chosen chief speaker failed to utter a single word.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

NEW TESTIMONIES CONCERNING LINCOLN.

I WRITE simply as a reporter, but the incidents that I record from the lips of eye witnesses are too valuable to remain untold. The first reveals the native, ready wit and wisdom of Mr. Lincoln. Awhile before he became nationally prominent, he was one day passing along the sidewalk in Springfield, Illinois, leading two of his sons, one by his right hand, the other by his left, and both were crying aloud. A gentleman who met them asked Mr. Lincoln what was the matter with the boys? He promptly replied: "Just what's the matter with the whole world; I have got three nuts and each wants two."

The second incident reveals his deeply religious nature. Mrs. Rebecca Pomroy of Massachusetts, a widow, about thirty-five years of age, joined the corps of army nurses and was sent to do duty in the hospitals at Washington. In the winter of 1861 and '62 there was much sickness in the National Capital, and unusual mortality among children. The President's family did not escape. Willie, the pet of the household, became dangerously ill. Mr. Lincoln asked for a nurse, and Mrs. Pomroy was detailed for duty at the White House. No better person for that important post could have been found. She was a woman of culture and refinement, and, having been herself tried in the furnace of affliction, knew how to sympathize with

those who were in the depths of sorrow. Moreover, she was a thoughtful Christian without any illusions, utterly untouched by fanaticism. She knew, however, by experience what it was to walk with God, and have real communion with him. Such a woman is the best of all judges of genuine Christian character.

Willie, fatally ill, though no one then knew it, was put under her wise and motherly care. One morning, kneeling by his bedside, she prayed for him as none but a great-hearted Christian woman can. While she prayed, she was half-conscious that some one came into the room and stood near her, but this did not interrupt her petition. She poured out her great sympathetic soul, not only for the sick child, but also for his burdened, sad-hearted father. When she rose from her knees she found Mr. Lincoln standing by her. His cheeks were wet with tears. He took her by the hand and in tremulous tones thanked her for her prayer, both for Willie and himself. He said he was so occupied with the affairs of the nation that he could not care as he ought for his own sick boy. Willie died, and those who knew the President most intimately, saw that a wonderful change had been wrought in him.

The duties of Mrs. Pomroy frequently called her, in the earlier part of the day, into the President's office, where she found him again and again reading the Bible. And Nicolay and Hay, in their great political biography of Lincoln, also call attention to his familiarity with the Scriptures, and to the fact that he always kept a copy of the Bible near him on the desk or table. And it is worthy of special note that Mrs. Pomroy, deeply religious and clear-headed, for weeks often meeting and conversing with Mr. Lincoln, never thereafter for a moment doubted that he was one of the truest of Christians.

After the death of Willie, she remained at the White House for nearly three months, doing what she could to help and comfort the sorrowing household. Seeing how true and sincere she was, the President gave her his confidence and at times conversed with her without reserve. In such social intercourse his real character was revealed to her. She was charmed with his honesty and simplicity, and with his sane and just estimate of the social formalities incident to his great office. He did not despise them, but understood perfectly how hollow they sometimes were. In this, she said, he was quite the opposite of Mrs. Lincoln, and gave the following incident as fairly illustrating the characteristics of each. One evening the President was to give a popular reception at 7:30. Mrs. Lincoln, eager, restive, impatient, began at 2 P. M., to get herself ready for it. She donned one dress after another, casting each in turn aside, on account of some trivial defect that she found in it, and it was seven o'clock before she completed her toilet for the reception. She and her attendants were by that time quite worn out by the ordeal through which they had passed.

At a quarter past seven, Mr. Lincoln, quite exhausted by his great responsibilities, and the exacting duties of the day, came to accompany his wife to the reception. He made some droll and pleasant observation that put everybody in good humor. A pair of white kid gloves were handed to him. Sitting down to snatch a moment's rest, he put on the glove for the left hand, and buttoned it at the wrist. He then put on the glove for his right hand and, attempting to button it with the gloved fingers of his left, failed. So, stretching out his long arm, he said, "Mrs. Pomroy, won't you button this old rat skin?"

At last, Mrs. Pomroy felt that she must return to her duties in the hospital. Mr. Lincoln, wishing her to remain in his family, tried to dissuade her from her purpose. When, however, he found that with her it was a matter of conscience, he made no further objection, and wished her great success in her difficult and greatly needed work. She left the White House in the morning. The President was at breakfast. She came to bid him good-bye, and said to him, "If you would give me some little thing as a keepsake, just some trifle, I should think so much of it." "Certainly I will," he responded, and taking up his coffee cup and saucer, said, "Take these."

No gift from him could have been more highly prized. After the war Mrs. Pomroy became the Matron of the Newton Home for Orphan Girls. There on the mantelpiece in the parlor I used to see that coffee-cup and saucer, more precious to its owner than rubies. But material things of greatest worth, in unexpected ways, perish. That Home for Orphans was consumed by fire, and with it the breakfast-table gift of the immortal Lincoln.

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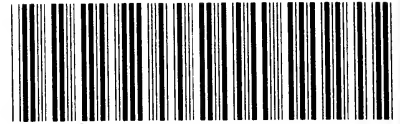
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